

MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

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Bishops, Diocesan and Suffragan.

IT has long been apparent to those who are well acquainted with the facts of the case, and is gradually becoming apparent to the general body of Church people also, that the Church of England can no longer do her work efficiently without an appreciable increase in the number of her Bishops.

The great success which has followed each subdivision of a diocese during the last half century, from the foundation of the see of Ripon in 1836 to that of Wakefield in 1888, has brought home to Englishmen the fact that the spiritual work of their Church is greatly in arrear, and has at the same time given them a clue to the means by which these arrears may be overtaken.

It ought to be a truism to insist before members of the Church of England that the Episcopate is the true central force from which are developed all the spiritual energies of the Church. Yet it is only of late years that this has been fully recognized as a truth. Had it been so recognized at the time of the establishment of the Ecclesiastical Commission fifty years ago, the surplus revenues of the Bishops would have been devoted to their legitimate object—an increase in the number of the Bishops. The increased Episcopate, no longer overburdened by the mere routine of office, could have pleaded effectually with the laity to supply the admitted destitution in spiritual things of many parishes, while the surplus funds of the Church would have been invested in a perpetually reproductive security, instead of being merely transferred from one holder to another. But

such a work was not for such a time, and the "might have been" is a very unprofitable subject of speculation.

At the time of the Norman Conquest, the population of England and Wales is estimated to have been between one and two millions. For the ecclesiastical oversight of this number of souls there were nineteen Bishops; say, in round numbers, one to every 100,000 souls. When the see of Bristol is reconstituted there will be, for the same area, thirty-five Bishops—that is, about one to every 750,000 souls. Making all due allowance for improved means of communication—railways, postcards, and the like—the difference is startling.

A member of Parliament lately called public attention to the great age of several of our Bishops; and although it turned out that these particular Bishops were not only good men and true, but also hale and hearty and did their work well, yet the serious fact remains that several Bishops, and those by no means the oldest, are incapacitated from active work, not by ordinary infirmities, but by the daily wear and tear of excessive diocesan duties and anxieties. And when all are working at high pressure there is no reserve to fall back upon, as there should be in all well-regulated communities. It is unnecessary, however, to labour this point further; it is now well known to all.

It may, perhaps, be objected that our present Episcopate receives considerable help from, and might be still further assisted by, Suffragan Bishops. This is true; but the fact does not practically affect the balance, for the Mediæval Bishops also were largely helped in the same way, probably to a much larger comparative extent than their modern successors.

It is well known that an Act was passed in the reign of Henry VIII. with regard to Suffragans. After becoming practically a dead letter, it was revived in our own day by the energy and perseverance of the late Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln, and is now the basis on which our present system of suffragans has been built up. But it was not, as is often supposed, an enabling, but rather a restraining, Act. Whereas, before the passing of that Act, Suffragan Bishops had borne foreign titles, this Act did indeed enable English territorial titles to be taken (which without royal permission would probably have been illegal), but, on the other hand, it limited the number of suffragans, and provided that they should exercise their functions only in the diocese to which they were attached. This Act

served two purposes ; it aided the King in his general object of localising the Church of England and erecting barriers against foreign influences, and it gave him a plausible excuse for resisting the pressure put upon him to endow many new sees out of the spoils of the monasteries.

Let us now turn to our present wants, and see what remedies can be applied to them. There are two methods by which the desired increase in the Episcopate may be effected :—

1. The erection of new independent sees.
2. The provision of relief to the Bishop of a diocese, either (a) during incapacity, whether temporary or permanent, or (b) in the discharge of duties beyond the power of any one man.

There is no provision in the Church of England for the appointment, in the case of a diocese whose Bishop is permanently incapacitated, of a coadjutor Bishop *cum jure successionis*, as is sometimes done in the Scottish, American, and Roman Churches. So that all arrangements under the second head, so far as England is concerned, are necessarily temporary, and all powers exercised by assistant Bishops, whether under Act of Parliament, or Episcopal Commission, or otherwise, must terminate on the vacation of the see.

We may dismiss the consideration of provision for individual Bishops when incapacitated, and proceed to the more serious and pressing case of provision for the administration of our overgrown dioceses.

I do not wish to conceal my opinion that the subdivision of such dioceses is the only perfect way of meeting the difficulty. There can be, properly speaking, but one Father in God of all the sons of the Church in a diocese, whether clerical or lay, one Bishop married to one church or diocese ; and any arrangement which tends to obscure this relation of one Bishop to one church or diocese should be regarded as temporary, and intended to give way in due time to the more perfect and primitive organization. The Church will do wisely to meet new circumstances by adapting to them the administration of her government, while at the same time she holds that government itself to be Divine and unalterable in its essential principles. In meeting new problems and new difficulties she must never lose sight of primitive organization as her ideal. The sternest stickler for Diocesan Episcopacy will, however, not refuse to admit that at the present time and under our present circumstances suffragan or assistant Bishops are indispensable, and it remains to be seen

under what conditions and in what way such auxiliary Bishops may be made most useful to the Church of England.

They are in practice of two kinds: (1) Bishops who take charge of a portion of a large diocese and administer it under powers from the Bishop of the diocese, who retains to himself the ordination of clergy, visitations, and perhaps certain other episcopal functions; and (2) Bishops who are simply assistant Bishops, performing such functions as may from day to day be delegated to them by the diocesan.

A layman may be allowed to say that the closer Suffragan Episcopacy approaches to the fixed character of Diocesan Episcopacy the more acceptable the institution is to the laity. And he may perhaps be permitted to add that, in making arrangements for the better administration of a diocese, the convenience of the Bishop is not the only thing to be taken into consideration, but that the wise and gentle handling of the laity by "the right end" is a very important part of good government. Now the average well-disposed, plain-sailing layman has a great respect for his Bishop. But the Bishop must be *his* Bishop. He much dislikes, for instance, when he goes to attend the consecration of a neighbour's church, or the confirmation of his children or some other Church ceremony, to find a suffragan officiating instead of what he would call the "proper" Bishop. His interest is cooled and the Church suffers.

We may do well, in extending the Episcopate, to take a hint from what is now admitted to be the best way of developing the parochial pastorate. In that subordinate department experience has shown that sound development usually takes the following form: first, the curacy, then the conventional district, and finally the fully developed new parish. In the same kind of way, the assistant Bishop (with something more of dignity than falls to the lot of what laymen call the "Curate" Bishop) might be first appointed. In most dioceses experience would soon point out a convenient district on which the assistant Bishop will wisely concentrate his efforts. Time will give cohesion to his work; the laity there like having "their own" Bishop; the purse-strings relax, and the new independent diocese is in time formed.

The diocese of London stands by itself; its needs are so peculiar and so pressing, and the necessity of keeping the metropolis of the country one and indivisible is so clear to all, that further development on the lines already wisely laid down,

viz. a blending of something of local authority with something of the assistant Bishop, seems the best form of Church government that we can as yet devise for this particular case.

There are other enormous cities where the assistant Bishop is perhaps the most advisable method to adopt at first—but not to rest in. Such are Manchester and Liverpool. In mentioning enormous cities, one of the greatest must not be omitted. How has it come that one of the most important, viz. Birmingham, has as yet no Bishop of its own? Now that it has been made a civil city, surely its Churchmen will not rest long without obtaining a Bishop of their own.

There are other dioceses where the preliminary stage of the assistant Bishop might be passed over at once, the divisions of counties having already marked out embryo dioceses for future Bishops. The diocese of Southwell was formed in 1884 out of the two counties of Nottingham and Derby, the former from the old diocese of Lincoln, the latter from that of Lichfield. There is no real unity between these two counties. If a suffragan Bishop were placed, say, at Derby, he would exercise episcopal functions in that county, the Bishop of Southwell retaining ordinations, visitations, and occasional confirmations and ordinary jurisdiction until it becomes possible to erect Derbyshire into an independent see. Similarly the new suffragan Bishop of Leicester might, under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Peterborough, educate Leicester and Rutland into a separate diocese. Or, again, supposing for a moment that it were possible for a suffragan Bishop to act under the authority of two Bishops, the county of Suffolk might be placed under a suffragan until the two portions of the county, only in recent times severed from one another, could be reunited and formed into a diocese of Bury St. Edmunds. Portions again of the still enormous diocese of York might be treated in the same way.

It is now generally agreed that the Church should, as far as possible, make her areas of jurisdiction coincide with the civil divisions of the country, but there is another point, not as yet so generally admitted, which I wish to emphasize; namely that in any rearrangement or development of dioceses we should pay no attention to any pedantic system of uniformity as to area or population. In some places a small diocese is best; in others a large one can be worked without difficulty. Let us see what places really want, and give it them.

The great thing is that the Church should at once occupy

effectually the great influential centres of social, commercial, and intellectual life. Let me repeat that the continued non-occupation of Birmingham is a serious blot on our ecclesiastical management. Again, I wish to draw attention to Oxford and Cambridge as intellectual centres. In the altered circumstances of these two great institutions it behoves the Church to be more than ever alive to her great obligations and her great opportunities. The Bishops of Oxford and Ely should not be so overburdened with other work as to be unable in person to lift up the Cross of Christ in the midst of the eager throngs that crowd the Universities in either diocese. In the former case, the Committee of the House of Laymen has recommended the appointment of a suffragan, and in the latter, the reduction of the diocese to the capacities of a single Bishop; thus arriving at the same end in each case, but by different means.

By an Act of Parliament passed on December 24th, 1888 (the "Suffragans' Nomination Act," 51 & 52 Vict. c. 56), Bishops are no longer restricted to the score or so of towns mentioned in 26 Henry VIII. c. 14, as to titles for Suffragan Bishops. Power has also been given by this Act to take and accept for sees of Bishops Suffragans such other towns as Her Majesty may from time to time by Order in Council direct; and it is also now lawful for Her Majesty by writing under Her Royal sign-manual to substitute for the see of any Bishop Suffragan nominated before the passing of this Act any other town included in such Order in Council.

It will therefore in future be possible for any Bishop (subject to the sanction of the Crown) to give as a title to his suffragan the name of some town within his diocese. Nor will it be any longer necessary for the Bishop of London, for instance, to call his suffragans by the unmeaning titles of Marlborough and Bedford, but he will be able to substitute, say, Kensington and Whitechapel, or other similar significant and appropriate titles.

It is characteristic of the haphazard way in which Church business is introduced into Parliament that, to effect this simple and reasonable improvement, two Bills were introduced last year, one in the Commons by Mr. Tomlinson, and the other subsequently in the Lords by the Bishop of Carlisle, who, it is believed, had never heard of the other Bill until his own was read a second time. Yet a third, with a similar but more limited object, was brought in by the Bishop of Rochester.

The Bishop of Rochester's Bill was very short-lived; and, the others were dropped, owing to some obscure technical defect being found in them. The Lord Chancellor, however, came to the rescue, and succeeded in getting the "Suffragans' Nomination Act," mentioned above, passed.

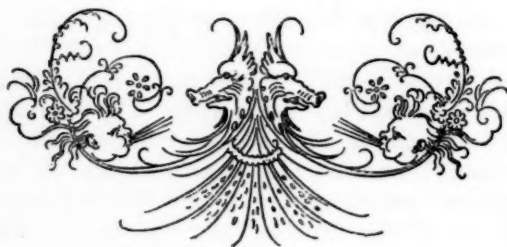
I may point out, in passing, that in this case, owing to want of previous preparation and co-operation, the time of Parliament was taken up with two—indeed I may say three—Bills on the same subject when one would have sufficed. Until Church business is better prepared before being introduced into Parliament it is not likely that it will receive proper attention. In future all Church Bills, to have a chance of becoming law, will have to be prepared beforehand by the Convocations of both provinces and the House of Laymen. Having thus the approval of both clergy and laity, they may then be introduced into Parliament by the Archbishop of Canterbury with the irresistible impact of the whole Church to support him; while the Church, on her part, will not be unwilling to accept amendments in details such as may well suggest themselves to either House of Parliament.

The Act passed last year as to the titles of Suffragan Bishops has brought that part of our subject sufficiently into accordance with the present wants of the Church. With regard to the other object, the extension of the diocesan Episcopate, I hope that a measure conceived in a large and generous spirit will be considered by the Church in her own assemblies, and when approved there, will be introduced into Parliament. The "Bishoprics Act, 1878," provided for the foundation of the four Bishoprics of Liverpool, Newcastle, Southwell and Wakefield, and its machinery was subsequently incorporated into the Bristol Bishopric Act. Its procedure has thus received the approval of Parliament twice within the last ten years, and with a few alterations of detail it might easily be developed into a general Enabling Act, the provisions of which could be brought into operation whenever circumstances required, and funds were forthcoming. Such an Act would obviate the necessity of having recourse to Parliament every time that a new See was wanted. The reasonable requirement of Parliament that such developments of the Church should not take place without sufficient cause, would be met by each scheme, as prepared by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners or other responsible body, being laid on the table of each House, and being subject to rejection on an

Address to the Crown being voted by either House. The Royal Prerogative would also be secured and indeed extended ; for the anomalous letter of recommendation by which the Crown ensures its nominee being elected, would be continued ; notwithstanding that the original reason for this overpowering influence, namely, the endowment of the See by the Crown, would not, in these instances, hold good.

In taking leave of this subject, I would only add that the time for talking is past, the time for consultation and serious deliberation is now, and that the time for action must not be long deferred.

G. A. SPOTTISWOODE.



Comedy of a Country House.

BY JULIAN STURGIS.

AUTHOR OF "THRALDOM," "JOHN MAIDMENT," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

YOUNG Lord Lorrilaire was grumbling too, as he got himself into his clothes with unusual difficulty on the morning after his return to Langleydale. He had plunged into his country-house party, and risen to the surface again and felt the better. And then the rest of his day had been full of amusing discoveries, which had made it almost as fascinating as a young adventurer's first day in a new world. And yet he grumbled, as he dressed himself. He did not like to spend so much time in the adornment of his person ; it seemed absurd ; and yet for that day at least he was bound to be particular about each wrinkle, and each button. He had grown so warm while he strove so conscientiously for accuracy, that he had opened his windows to their utmost width, and the room, in which he still felt a stranger and explorer, was full of the clear cool air. A little too clear and cool it was for the ideal hunting morning ; but to Archie it seemed that on that portentous day the hunting was of small importance. He was to display himself, as his uncle had arranged, to the members of the Hunt ; he felt as if he were the object of the chase, and as if landlords, farmers, the town contingent from Langstone, even horses and hounds were coming out to find him instead of the fox. His hat, his tie, his spurs, every detail of his appearance would be criticised, and his seat and his hands, about which no one had cared in happy days gone by. Severe eyes would be on his back as he rode at a hedge, mark him if he deviated from a rigid line across country, betray amazement if he grew bored and went home. Of his clothes he felt confident, for he had gone to him, whom Lenny had described tersely as the only breeches-maker ; but this

putting them on was a tiresome business. It was only better than yielding himself to the hand of his body-servant ; for he had not had a body-servant since he had grown too big for a nurse, and he never breathed freely now till he had dismissed this most oppressive burden of his state. He would much rather help his valet into his clothes than be helped into his own.

As Archie tugged and buttoned, he remembered other days, some at Oxford, and some in his mother's neighbourhood at home, when after duly counting the cost he had treated himself to a day's hunting. Much fun he had enjoyed upon hardly-worked strange-looking beasts, and, as they were always ready to go and his treats in this kind were rare, he had ridden his hardest and seen what he could. Much fun he had enjoyed ; and now memory, as is her happy way, smoothed away the little mishaps and discomforts, the unexpected cropper and the long ride home upon a tired screw, and showed him the pleasure only. Nobody cared then what he wore, or how he rode ; he did not feel as if he were clad in pasteboard, and he rode to please himself. Now it seemed to him that he must ride to satisfy his neighbours ; his uncle was evidently anxious, lest he should not show off the horses, which he had chosen. Archie thought of that row of animals in prime condition, and imagined each one of them expecting to be taken out in turn. It seemed as if it would take all his life, be the life's business of which he had dreamed, a business as distinct from pleasure as any other business, a truly British amusement solemn as affairs of State, affording occupation to the unemployed, and with as little to show for it in the end as the exercise of the treadmill. Having arrived at this thought, he began to smile again, partly because he was nearly dressed, partly because the thought itself was extravagant. After all, he would presently feel a good horse moving under him, and that was pleasure ; and, if the neighbours were critical, it was probably an exaggeration to assert that they would value him more than the fox ; the fox, though probably he was better known in the county, would after all excite the keener interest. He began to smile at his own folly in taking himself as seriously as if he were an Under-Secretary, or the manager of a theatre. And the air kept coming in at the open window, bringing health and good spirits, if it were by a touch too keen to satisfy the exigent sportsman ; and presently, when his glass showed him a cheerful young Englishman blushing at his own splendour, he even felt a slight pleasure

in being properly turned out for the first time in his life. He restrained a tendency to fright his castle from its tremendous propriety with a "view halloo!" and descended happy, if stiff, to meet his guests at breakfast.

In dangerously easy mood was young Lord Lorrilaire, as he descended the staircase somewhat stiffly in his admirable breeches. It even seemed the best fun possible to let things slide, and himself slide with them. It was likely that all things, his very life itself, would be settled for him, before he had done saying to himself that there was time to spare, and that he could assert himself on any future day. In the meantime it was pleasant and easy to please everybody.

Lady Jane Lock did not approve of girls going out hunting. It was opposed to her theories of female education, and the success of her daughters so far had given her no cause to doubt the wisdom of her theories. But she knew that Elizabeth was different; she was not quite sure that she understood Elizabeth, though it seemed monstrous that she should not understand her own child. Elizabeth was never so happy as when she was on a horse; and, when she longed for a day's hunting and an absolutely fit and proper guardian was at hand, her mother did not always prevent her. She did not prevent her on this day. She had asked her usual questions on the previous evening, and had been assured that it was an easy sociable country with convenient gates and lanes, and further, that the meet was not one of the best. So she had entrusted her precious child to Sir Villiers, who was the most trustworthy of pioneers; and she contented herself by making her usual statement that Elizabeth did not hunt, and so sent her out hunting.

The meet was so near that they all mounted their hunters at the door; and Archie observed with a smile that after all a good many of his new possessions would be exercised on that day. He was mounting Sir Villiers of course, and Lenny, and the best and kindest of the lot was brought round with a side-saddle for Miss Lock. And there was Tony Fotheringham, too, who completed this country-house party. Tony was one of Archie's new friends, and one who amused him always by a seriousness, which seemed highly comical in one so young and so rosy. Tony was two years younger than his host, and was as smooth and ruddy as the advertisement of a patent food; but he took great care of himself and gave a great deal of thought to his health. Even now, as he sat on a horse which seemed distinctly

too big for him, he looked seriously at the dining-room window, through which Mrs. Dormer was gazing at the group, and was inclined to repent that he had not remained at home and had a good long talk with that sympathetic lady about his symptoms. However it was too late for repentance, and he rode away with the rest, while Lady Jane stood on a step, defiant of the crisp air, and watched her girl and approved the fit of her habit. The girl was riding with Sir Villiers, as she ought; but her mother thought that she need not have talked so eagerly to him that it was as good as a hint to Lord Lorrilaire not to interrupt the conversation. She said to herself with some vexation that it was just like Elizabeth, whose notorious fault was want of animation, to be animated at the wrong moment; but then a day's hunting was always becoming to Elizabeth and gave her a colour and made her eyes sparkle. So after all this might be a most fortunate day. Lady Jane watched them, till they had ridden out of sight, with her usual desire to rearrange them and to order them all to do her will, but not without good hope. She did not spare a single thought for Bolitho.

Archie's spirits rose with the movements of his horse, and they did not even fall when he was introduced to member after member of the Hunt. These members were cordial and brief; he forgot to think of their criticisms; he began to feel the old ardour of the chase. Nor did his pleasant spirits fail, though the morning was spent in jogging from covert to covert. It was pleasant to be out on such a day, to receive friendly greetings, to see hounds again after a long interval, and to ride by the side of a handsome girl who was flushed with excitement and the eager hope of a run. And after luncheon they did have a short run, and the country was easy and pleasant, and both Archie and Elizabeth went as well as anybody; and, when they pulled up, the girl turned on her young host a face transfigured by new life and light. Her red lips were parted, her eyes were shining, and little wandering hairs from her glossy head were curling above her ears. As she leaned forward to caress the neck of the good horse, she looked at his owner with gratitude and triumph, and Archie smiled back upon her with the frankest admiration. Was he not happy that he could give to this radiant being so glorious a gallop? There was some use in wealth. The radiant being lost much of her radiance when she found that there was to be no more hunting on that day. She rebelled promptly, and murmured against

the Master, who sent the hounds home so early. But she recovered her temper and became happy again, as they rode slowly homewards. She discussed the run with Archie, who still rode beside her; and when that subject was exhausted, and soon, for after all it had been a very short run, she went on talking with a want of reserve which she never showed except after excitement and quick exercise. She had been expressing such love of the country and its pleasures, that Archie reminded her that she had seemed very happy sometimes in the London ball-rooms, which she now held cheap.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I liked this last season; I hated my first season, but I liked this; I began to know people, and I made some friends, and I wasn't always thinking if I was standing right or going into rooms properly, and I didn't feel obliged to agree with what everybody said to me."

Archie laughed.

"I shouldn't have thought that you would ever have agreed with everybody," he said.

"But I did," she said emphatically, "and I used to be ashamed of myself; I used to go home and hate myself! But in my second season I didn't care, and, if I didn't agree with people, I said so, or I didn't answer and let them think me dull. That is what many people think me."

"Do they?" he asked; "they must be dull, I think; you are silent sometimes."

"What is the good of talking?" she asked.

"Well," he said, "it is supposed to convey ideas, when there are any. And what about your third season?"

"I shall like that better still," she answered. "You see, I don't care now what anybody says of me."

"Isn't that a trifle strong?" said Archie.

"No," she said. "I shall enjoy this next season," she continued after a minute, "as much as possible, and after that——"

She made so long a pause that he thought that she had forgotten that she had left her sentence unfinished. After all in these days no person of any pretension to fashion is expected to finish a sentence, and polite conversation is no more than an interchange of hints, generally about nothing. But Miss Lock had an unequivocal end for her sentence. "After that," she said, "I shall hate it."

Archie was much amused by her decision.

"Isn't it rather unnecessary," he asked, "to make your mind

so long before? You see you've a whole season before you, which you've decided to enjoy very much indeed; perhaps when that is over you will look forward to the next."

"No," she said with even more decision, and looking straight between her horse's ears. "No," she said; "I don't want to spend my life in going about to balls."

"It must be a bore," he said with prompt conviction; "I should hate it myself. What would you rather do?" He felt a real curiosity; it was a new idea to him that girls also could be tired of ball-going and such amusements. "What would you like to do?" he asked.

"I don't know," she answered,—*"hunt."*

"Oh!" he said, disappointed; "but perhaps you would be tired of that after your three seasons; and besides, you can't do it in summer."

"Do you suppose that I don't know when people hunt?" she asked with scorn. Then, for they had turned into a road which had a nice broad border of grass, she touched her willing horse and set off at a canter. Archie followed her, and, when she had stopped and he was once more at her side, she said to him with superb unreasonableness, "Of course you think that no woman can care for anything but dancing and hunting."

"I thought it was you," he said, "who wanted to spend your life in hunting."

"Not at all," she said; "I should like to do something useful!"

"Useful?" he repeated. She nodded slightly, as if she did not care whether he believed her or not. She had certainly surprised him. He had held it most natural that a boy, whose ideas were not wholly confined to horses, should wish to be useful in the world; but that a girl, and a fashionable girl, should have such a wish, was a new fact for him. He had seen little of such girls and thought little about them. Was this a fact at all? He was not suspicious, but all the suspicion of which he was capable was ready to arise in him when he considered girls. He knew his ignorance of them; and he wondered now if this girl who, under the influence of excitement and the healthy day, was really beautiful, had any real desire of anything but amusement; he supposed that girls practised the art of being agreeable, and he wondered if this girl was assuming a more serious view that she might please him, who had been ticketed without doubt by her world as a prig. She looked beautiful; he dismissed his

uneasy doubt, as he looked at her. Moreover he asked himself why he should trouble himself, if she did care to pose a little for his benefit?

"Well?" she asked, since he kept silence; "you think that's humbug, I suppose? I suppose that you think that no woman can do any good? Delia, my sister—she married a parson—a clergyman, I mean—I promised not to call him a parson."

"Is that what you mean?" he asked, laughing. "Do you mean that you will marry a pars—clergyman, I mean?"

"No."

"Why not? Oh, I beg your pardon if I am asking too many questions."

"I don't mind," she said. "I am not good enough; that's why."

"As good as lots of parsons," he responded quickly—"well, clergymen then."

"Why do you talk as if everybody ought to marry somebody?" she asked.

"Isn't it the best thing for most people?" he asked in his turn.

"I don't pretend to know," she said. She gave a little laugh, which had a touch of malice in it. "It's a bad look out," she said, "if it is so; our men friends don't marry—they can't afford it, or it's not the thing. Ask Mr. Fotheringham."

"Tony!" called out Lord Lorrilaire, turning in his saddle. Everybody called him "Tony," though there seemed to be no better reason than that his name was "Francis Algernon." Tony rode up to them. He was glad to join them, for he had been jogging in the rear with Leonard Vale, who had been the most gloomy of companions. Leonard had been looking at the backs of his cousin and the young lady, and had fallen into deep despondency, declaring to himself that all was over, and that his days in Langleydale were numbered. Perhaps he would never again ride this beast, which suited him so well; and at this thought he jerked the mouth of the beast which suited him so well and gave him the spur. He was apt to hurt the nearest creature, which felt, when he was annoyed. From this and other signs Tony had gathered that Lenny was out of temper; and so he left him without regret, and joined the pair in front. "Is it true," asked Archie, "that men don't marry now-a-days?"

Tony considered the question with due gravity. It was even repeated before he answered it. "Well," he asked then, "what can a chap do? What with huntin' and goin' racin' it's hard

enough to live now anyway! Most chaps are stone-broke without marryin'."

"What did I tell you?" asked Miss Lock of Archie. "Mr. Tony knows. He knows everything."

"Not quite," said Tony, regarding her in the evening light with frank admiration. He often declared that Elizabeth Lock was "about as handsome as they make 'em." "The nicest chaps can't afford to marry," he said, beaming amiably upon her.

"How sad!" she answered. "What a pity that only poor men are nice!" So saying, she cantered suddenly forward away from the young men, who began to jog on in pursuit side by side.

"I say," said Tony, when he had been for some time in deep thought, "wasn't that rather a nasty one for you?"

"What?" asked Archie.

"That about only poor men being nice."

Archie only laughed; and then Tony laughed too, and cried out "Good old Archie!" which was one of his favourite phrases, kindly and encouraging, and coming in well at almost all times.

CHAPTER VI.

In the meantime, while her daughter was riding in the happy air, Lady Jane Lock was in full enjoyment at home of that flattering excitement which immediately precedes complete success, and is even more delightful. She had written her morning's letters; she had eaten her substantial luncheon; and, when she returned from her afternoon's walk (she was a great believer in "the constitutional"), she was in a fine glow of virtue. She had taken as her companion by the way Tony Fotheringham's umbrella, which its careful owner never allowed to touch the ground, and with this for her walking-stick she had stumped valiantly through the lanes, which after the slight frost of the night had been growing softer all day long under the genial influences of sun and thaw. She had left in the hall the precious umbrella with its ferule muddy, battered, and knocked to one side like the hat of a drunken man; but she still wore her plain felt hat and her braided black jacket, as she stood with her straight back to the cheerful fire with the air of a man, if not of a field-marshal. However it may be with a commander in the

field, it is certain that almost every woman, when the fortunes of the day incline distinctly to her side, while yet enough of doubt remains to feed the excitement of her spirit, finds it hard to keep silence. Policy may still prevent her from announcing her game and prematurely singing her song of victory; but her choice of subjects will indicate the direction of her thoughts, and it will be hard for her to keep out of her voice the sound of exultation. Lady Jane knew that the tea, for which she had conscientiously prepared herself by solitary exercise, would soon be there, and that the young people would soon be back from hunting; and in the meantime she could relieve herself by making a few general remarks. It was a good time for talk, for it was growing too dark for reading, and the lights had not yet been brought in. Mrs. Dormer had put down her novel with a tiny comical yawn; and Mrs. Chauncey, for her part, was ready at this time to give the most complimentary attention to all the observations of Lady Jane Lock.

"What I have always said to my girls," said Lady Jane, "is this. When you marry, make up your mind to have a house that people care to come to. It isn't the size of the house or the place; it's the people you meet there; that's what people care about."

"How true!" pronounced Clara Chauncey, from the shadows among which she sat.

"If you mean to have the right sort of house," continued Lady Jane, "you must be firm at first. That is what I tell my girls. There is no sense in choking up your houses with a lot of dull people just because they happen to be old friends of the family, or because your aunt Deborah married their uncle What's-his-name. There's no sense in it; and, if you do it, you never will get the right people to come to stay with you."

"How interesting!" murmured Mrs. Chauncey. "Cut off old friends and poor relations!"

"There is no need to be rude or disagreeable," said Lady Jane; "when you do meet these people about, you can always be *most* kind. It is a very nice trait to be just the same to people when you meet them, though you may not have met for years. Everybody says that."

"And it is so true," said Clara.

"When you do meet, be as affectionate and nice as possible, and ask after all their children and everything. Only be sure never to go to see them. If they *will* come to see you, never be

at home. Some people let them in once and try to be so disagreeable that they won't come again; that is unladylike and unnecessary. The simple thing is never to be at home, and never to return their calls."

"Admirable! You have such a talent for making things clear. But the husband's friends? Ain't they a difficulty?"

"Always be nice to your husband's friends," said Lady Jane, promptly; "that is the very first thing which I tell my girls."

"But men do collect such strange friends," said Mrs. Chauncey; "I don't mean those whom they can't expect their wives to know; they present no difficulties whatever. I mean the friends who are respectable but impossible. What *do* you do with them."

"Don't call," said Lady Jane; "that's all; it's just the same with them as with the others."

"But don't they make a fuss?—the husbands, I mean; husbands are so touchy."

"Yes," said Lady Jane, "they are touchy; but they are very forgetful. I tell my girls never to dispute with their husbands, always to seem to yield. If a man tells his wife to call on the What's-his-names, she can put it off, till he forgets all about it. He'll soon forget all about it—or pretend to. I know what men are. They like to have the right people in their houses just as much as we do; but they like us to do the unpleasant part, and to pretend to know nothing about it."

"O, Lady Jane," said Mrs. Chauncey, as if she were in a sort of respectful ecstasy, "what knowledge of the world—and of men! They leave the dirty work to us, and look the other way, and profit by it. That is the whole duty of man."

"A husband is so easily managed," said Lady Jane, "if you don't argue with him. Of course he blusters. Some day he'll come home and say that he has met his old friend What's-his-name in the street, and can't think what's the matter with him; he'll pretend to be annoyed with him and to wonder why he never comes near him; but he will know in his heart. All that you have got to do is to smile sympathetically. Always meet your husband with a smile! That is what I tell my girls."

"Lucky girls!" murmured Mrs. Chauncey. "Don't they say that to marry a Lock is a liberal education? I am sure that I have heard some such saying. When I look at a place like this, and think of all the dangers, to which rich young men are

exposed, I am tempted to say that there is no hope of safety for them but in a well-trained wife."

"They don't know what is good for them," said Lady Jane, shortly.

"Oh, but they do," said Clara—"at least some of them do—don't they?" Her question was so earnest and so innocent. "But then," she added, "they are so rare, these model wives."

"Not at all," said Lady Jane; "there are lots of nice well-brought-up English girls, if the men would only look at them, instead of going after Americans and things."

"Ah! but for a great position surely something more is wanted, a something, a——"

"Distinction," said Lady Jane, "the air noble—that is a matter of course."

"Or a matter of corsets," quickly said Mrs. Chauncey. Here Susan Dormer, who had been listening to the conversation with much placid enjoyment, began to shake with laughter, and Lady Jane, stung by the sudden idea that she was being trifled with, uttered a quick sound, which can only be described as a not unladylike snort.

"Oh, do forgive me!" cried Clara Chauncey; "it is unpardonable, I know; but really and truly it is often that, isn't it? I have known such common dumpy women gain quite an air from really good stays. Nothing is more important."

To snort like the war-horse was in Lady Jane a sure sign of awakened suspicion, and it is by no means likely that she would have continued to express her views with so much freedom, even if the words "dumpy women" had not been for her a new note of alarm. She could not but know that she did not stand much over five feet high, and that, though she was very straight, active and energetic, she had acquired a certain solidity. She had never approved of Mrs. Chauncey; and it is likely that she already repented of having favoured her with so many valuable hints on the art of living. Whether she would have contributed any further words of wisdom will remain for ever uncertain; for, with a pleasant sound of young voices and some shutting of doors, the young people came in from hunting, and brought a quite new atmosphere into the fire-lit rooms. Archie reported that Sir Villiers and Tony had gone straight to the smoking-room, but that he and Lenny wanted tea; and almost immediately tea was brought, and lamps so fully shaded that they made mere small oases of light in the soft warm dusk.

It was a pleasant hour, with fragrant tea and chastened light, good rest after brisk exercise, and liberal space. Perhaps nothing is so expressive of luxury as the combination of space and warmth. Even in most wintry weather it is easy for the most modest of men to make himself snug by shutting himself up with a good fire in a tiny room ; but a large house brought to one warmth from ground-floor to garret, whose inmates pass without chill from lofty rooms to spacious passages, is filled likewise with the very atmosphere of prosperity. It was this atmosphere which Lady Jane Lock, who had divested herself with an effort of the tight jacket, breathed with satisfaction ; and a sense of mingled motherhood and ownership stole over her active spirit, as her eyes looked from the moderate room in which they sat, and saw between the heavy *portières*, which had been drawn widely open, the great, dimly lighted space of handsome rooms beyond. The merest fraction, more or less, of nose ; the merest shade, more or less, of natural yellow in the hair ; and all, of which this warm spaciousness was a sign, might be for one sister, while another was counting coal in a chilly vicarage.

Lady Jane Lock was in a mood of unusual softness, as she sipped her tea, when suddenly she seemed to hear a sound of wheels. It was very faint and far, but her alert spirit sprang, as it were, to arms. Nobody else seemed to hear anything ; and she gave no sign, old campaigner as she was. She finished her tea and asked for a second cup : only her spirit was attentive. The front door was on the other side of the house, and at the further end. She could hear no more. She had just decided that her ears had played her false, or that some untimely tradesman's cart had come ; she was just thinking that in the reign of a new mistress such irregularities of untimely tradesmen should not be, when she saw figures advancing through the obscurity of the further room. The first figure was unmistakable, the rounded shape and noiseless amble of the butler ; but who was following him ? Lady Jane looked with a quick eye of enquiry at Mrs. Dormer, who had assured her unnecessarily often that no other guests were expected. Mrs. Dormer was looking too ; and in a moment more the butler emerged into the less uncertain light and announced in his usual level tone—"Mrs. Rutherford."

She came in beaming, wrapped in handsome furs, bringing her own charm into the common place, as Venus leads her Graces. Her bright colour was the brighter for the evening cold ; her

eyes were sparkling ; and even under the weight of fur her tall, slender, and beautiful figure moved with the ease of an active woodland creature.

"Dora !" cried Archie, leaping from his chair—"hurrah !"

They were but two words, but they administered two separate stabs to Lady Jane Lock. He went forward with both hands outstretched. "How awfully nice of you !" he cried. "Of course you have come to stay—and where's your husband ?"

"He's in London," she answered, as Archie took her long cloak from her shoulders ; "he's tremendously hard at work ; and besides, you know, nowadays, one doesn't pay country-house visits with one's husband." She laughed at this pertness, but stopped rather abruptly, aware by this time of the contrast between her host's effusive welcome and the general coolness. Leonard Vale had risen when Archie rose, but had stepped backward instead of forward, and was gazing at her with his large black eyes from the obscurity which lay around the lighted tea-table. She felt that he was looking at her with a world of meaning, and with a sudden impatience she turned from him to Mrs. Dormer, who had not moved.

"Won't you have some tea ?" asked Mrs. Dormer.

"I am afraid I've done a dreadful thing," said Mrs. Rutherford, "coming unannounced like a ghost."

"Oh no," said Mrs. Dormer blandly. "Do you take cream and sugar ?"

"I was so bored in London, and I thought—but you can pack me off to-morrow, if I am in the way."

"Nonsense !" cried out Archie ; "it's the most delightful thing in the world, and a thousand times better than if we had known about it beforehand. Aunt Susan, you'll see to Dora's room, and her maid and her luggage and things, and—and—oh, yes, you know Lady Jane Lock, don't you, Dora ?"

"Elizabeth," said Lady Jane, who seemed not to have heard the reference to herself, "go and lie down before dinner."

"But I am not tired," said her daughter.

"Nonsense," said Lady Jane sharply ; "you never know when you are tired."

"How d'ye do, Lady Jane ?" said Mrs. Rutherford.

"Oh ! How d'ye do ? Such a surprise ! I do envy people who have the courage to do these odd amusing things. Come, Elizabeth."

"I've plenty of courage," said Dora. She held out her hand

with a smile to Miss Lock, who was obediently following her mother from the room ; and the girl put her hand in hers for a moment. In that moment Dora perceived that Elizabeth's hand was larger than her own, and came to a decision also about her air, her figure, and the cut of her habit. She was extremely quick. As she let her hand fall, she came to a further decision on less obvious matters. "Sulky girl!" she said to herself, "but how handsome—how dangerously handsome!"

"I think that I am really the last," said Mrs. Chauncey, advancing from the shadows and looking straight at Archie with a set smile.

"Oh, yes ; of course, Dora," he said, "you know Mrs. Chauncey."

It was now Mrs. Rutherford's turn to freeze a little. "Oh ! How d'ye do ?" she said, extending her slender fingers.

Mrs. Chauncey pressed the slender fingers slightly, and smiled the more sweetly as she was conscious of a tendency to wring them with all her nervous force. She knew then beyond all possibility of doubt that she hated Dora Rutherford ; she would like to wring her neck too, or at least her heart.

CHAPTER VII.

The news of Archie's danger had come to Dora Rutherford at a happy moment, for she was looking about eagerly, almost anxiously, for something to do. She had been spending the autumn months in the home of her childhood, the quiet comfortable rectory, which was so near to the home of Archie's mother, Mrs. Rayner. There she had been living a most domestic life with her parents and her husband. Her husband had been quite happy, working daily and steadily at that great report which was to enlighten the world, or at least a part of it ; but she, for her part, had found a strange want of occupation. She could not even take up again the little duties of her girlhood. Quick, clever and energetic she had taken each year, as she grew up at home, more and more of the little daily duties of the house, garden, and village, from the hands of her mother ; but when she married, her mother had been obliged to take them back again, and this good lady was wise enough to know that she would gain nothing by relinquishing them for a few

months, but the trouble of again acquiring the useful habits, of which she was now mistress. So Dora had nothing to do but to visit Mrs. Rayner, and talk of Archie and his wonderful change of fortune; or to ride with her husband, when he took his afternoon's exercise; or to drive her mother in the pony carriage. Her father, her mother, and her husband more than all, were busy; but she was idle. She did not like to be idle. She did not like to feel herself useless. Before the end of the visit, during which she had seemed to others a happy presence indeed, bringing sunshine every day into the shady corners of that quiet world, she had accumulated so much spare energy, that she could scarcely help crying out when she woke in the morning at the thought of the long hours before her, in which she would have nothing to do.

Nevertheless Dora did not allow her parents to suspect that she grew weary of this idle life, nor did she shorten by a single day the long visit which she had promised to them. Unluckily, when the change came, it was no change for the better. When she went up to London with her husband, she found their house and their establishment in excellent condition, and nothing for her to do but to order the daily dinner. Of London in November she had had no experience; and now she did not like it. Her friends were all out of town; and her husband was more busy than he had been in the country. The work which he had undertaken, first for his own enlightenment, and secondly for the instruction of others, was no less than the examination of all the kinds of land-tenure which are to be found on this small earth, and the setting forth of the merits and defects of each. Luckily there is not very much earth to be held in any way; and railways and telegraphs have made our little world so small, that any little holiday-taker can run round it and be back before he is missed. And yet there is enough solid surface to show various forms of ownership; and to know all these forms, and all the effects of each, is no small work for a man who has a passion for thoroughness and a deep respect for truth.

Such a man was Tom Rutherford. He was up to his knees in reports official and unofficial, in books written in many languages, in a growing flood of letters from all parts of the world; and he set his teeth and worked through the mass of matter, carefully and steadily dividing the relevant from the irrelevant, and bringing the former to shape and

clearness with a patience and sturdy determination which was all his own. In this work of her husband, who shut himself up alone morning after morning, Dora Rutherford had no share. When she had ordered dinner, she felt that she had nothing to do for the rest of the day. She was restless and uneasy; and so it happened that when she received Leonard Vale's letter and learned that Archie, the only friend of her childhood, the innocent unworldly being whom she had taken under her protection throughout the last London season, was in imminent danger of matrimony, she awoke with delight as from a weary dream. Here was something for her to do; she could be of some use after all; she heard the sound of trumpets and her eyes sparkled with desire of battle. She ran to try on her armour, and already she saw with her mind's eye the redoubtable Lady Jane Lock roll helpless in the dust. Her husband noted the new light in her eyes, and he did not refuse to let her go. He said that he could not leave his work at present, but would try to join her later; and if he was hurt by her clear joy at going, he only showed it by renewing the attack on his work with a fresh pugnacity.

Dora Rutherford, when she came into the breakfast-room on the morning after her startling appearance at Langley Castle, was keen as frosty air. She was rather late, for she had run out of doors, glancing about the immediate neighbourhood of the house with all the feelings of a strategist casting an eager eye over a new country. She came in fresh and smiling, kissed Mrs. Dormer, as if she had never a doubt of her welcome, and seated herself with her face to all the windows. Thus she confronted the enemy, for Lady Jane Lock always sat with her back to the light at breakfast time. Mrs. Chauncey too, whom Dora preferred to regard as a foe, had this same habit, which indeed is not uncommon in ladies who are undergoing the ordeal of a country-house visit.

All the men were present at breakfast except Leonard Vale, who after a day's hunting was apt to be even later than usual. Of his absence Dora was instantly aware, for she had decided that her first object must be to gain from him a clear statement of the present state of affairs. Until she could secure a private conversation with Mr. Vale, she could do nothing but keep a friendly eye on her dear Archie and be ready to make a third if necessary. Even this light task was denied her, for, when she asked Archie, as they were breakfasting, what he was going

to do, he raised his eyebrows with a look both humorous and pathetic and said, "My agent has come for me."

"Poor little boy!" she said; "but you must go like a good boy and not cry."

"You don't know how I am bullied," he said; "here's Uncle Villiers with a list of people whom I must see, and the agent with a list of other sort of people, besides horses and farm-houses and pigs——"

"And guests," said Dora; "don't leave us out—especially self-invited guests like me."

"Don't call yourself names," he said; "you know that you have a standing invitation from me, so long as one stone of this ancestral dungeon stands upon another and Aunt Susan provides a crust for dinner."

"There, Mrs. Rutherford," said Lady Jane, "you can't ask for anything more than that."

There was a slight accent on the word "you"; but Dora answered smiling—

"I didn't ask for that; but I accept it all. I'll never leave you, Archie."

"And Mr. Rutherford?" asked Lady Jane, with a snort, which she had intended to be a laugh.

"He is as fond of Archie as I am," said Dora; "he will never leave him either. Let us all swear never to leave him! He has such big houses and so many of them, it would be a kindness to him, and we are such a pleasant party. We will all run after him wherever he goes. Let us all swear it! You begin, Lady Jane."

"Thank you," said Lady Jane, rising from the table, "but I never run after people."

"I do," said Dora; "may I run after you and the agent this morning, Archie? I will promise to be good, and not to speak unless I am spoken to."

"No," answered Archie. "You'd be too distracting. You will see what is left of me at luncheon."

This was useful information for Mrs. Rutherford, and she made a mental note of it, as she finished her coffee. It made her wish the more for the coming of Leonard Vale, for here was a nice open morning, during which Archie would be safe with his agent, and which she could devote to the necessary interview with the ally, who had called her to his aid and who alone could tell her how imminent was the young Lord's danger, and what

was the present state of the campaign. She was burning to take command.

When she had seen Archie walk away with the agent and had loitered for some time, and had observed that Lady Jane, whose diplomacy lacked delicacy, was keeping a most obvious eye upon her, Dora went upstairs to her room and dressed herself for a walk. Then she went downstairs again very quietly and slipped out of the house, seen by nobody but Mrs. Chauncey, who was of a more delicate order of diplomatists than Lady Jane Lock.

Dora went straight to the kitchen-garden, which she had discovered in her hasty tour before breakfast. She was sure that, when Leonard Vale had once emerged from his own rooms, he would look for her; and she decided that he should find her in the place most fit for confidential talk; and so she chose her ground in the smaller kitchen-garden, where she was enclosed by high walls and could see from any part both of the entrances. Walking up and down beside the most sunny of the walls she became more and more impatient; but she had not long to wait. She saw one of the green doors pushed open; and Mr. Vale came in. She noted his dejected air, before he caught sight of her, and the quick change which came over him when he saw her. He came up the straight path between the borders of old-fashioned flowers with unusual briskness.

"At last," he said, "I've found you."

"I've been waiting for you for the last hour," she said.

"Waiting for me?" he asked, as if it were impossible that she should wait for such an one as he. There was a nice blending of humility and reverence and tenderness in his tone.

"Of course I was waiting for you," she answered impatiently. "How can I move until I know how things are now? Is there immediate danger?"

"Immediate danger?" he repeated vaguely.

"To Archie?" she said.

He had forgotten all about Archie. "Oh, yes," he said, "of course—what a fool I am! I am afraid things are going about as badly as usual."

"Don't talk like that," she said; "you promised me in London that you would give up talking like a victim of Fate. It is so tiresome."

"I'll try," he said humbly.

"Come on," she said, beginning to walk up the path; "tell me why you think things are going badly for Archie."

He told her of trifling events which he had noticed since Lord Lorrilaire had joined his party, and especially of yesterday's hunting.

"He was with her all day long," he said.

She nodded gravely.

"We must stop that sort of day," she said; "the girl looks well in a habit. Does she look well on a horse?"

"Not bad," he answered; "she is not like you."

This compliment touched Dora Rutherford where her guard was weak; she was proud of her horsemanship; she could not help smiling nor keep her eyes from shining.

"You must keep up your courage," she said: "I see nothing to be afraid of. Archie cannot be thinking of a serious step; he is so natural, so entirely unembarrassed"

"But isn't that his danger?" he asked; "he might be on the very edge and never know it. Another day like yesterday, and Lady J. would be capable of asking him his intentions."

"The next move is mine," said Dora with glad confidence.

Lenny looked at her with admiration. He thought again that there was nobody like her—no woman so brilliant and so charming; his desire to interest her in himself was stronger than ever before.

"I wish I could hope," he said with a sigh; "and I do hope when you tell me to. You remember what you promised me in London? You said you would be my friend."

"Yes," she said, "I promised to be your friend if you would give up bemoaning your fate."

"I have had hard luck," he said sadly; "you won't mind my saying that. I know it has been a great deal my own fault; I have thrown away my chances. I have tried to be different since you advised me and promised to be my friend."

"And I will be your friend," she said; "I am here to help you as well as Archie."

"Thank you," he said eagerly—"thank you." Then he added sadly, "Nobody ever needed your help so much. This is my last chance and I owed it to you. It was you who told Archie of my existence, and that I—what may I say?—had not been treated well. I owe everything to you."

"Oh, no," she said, but she liked the sound of the words. Of all the men who had paid her compliments during her short

experience of the London Society which had received her so cordially as the most charming bride of the day, this man alone had appealed to her pity, and shown faith in her ability and helpfulness. The frank compliments to her looks, which our somewhat uncouth Society permits, she had put aside half-pleased and half-embarrassed, and promptly forgotten; but the respect for her opinion and the wish for her advice, which had been constantly and delicately shown by this handsome ill-starred youth, had been compliments which she did not put aside nor forget. There are men, and not stupid men, whose cleverness is never roused to anything like its highest activity but by the wish to please the other sex. A man of this sort, who in the other relations of life has shown but small ability, if he once desire to arouse the interest of a woman, will exercise an amazing instinct in his choice of flattery and a tact in its use, which are denied to women themselves, or to all but the most rarely gifted. Such a man was Leonard Vale. He bent his head as he walked beside her, and assured her with an air which was almost one of veneration, and with the sound of truth in his voice, that but for her he would have been an outcast.

"And if I lose this chance," he said, "I shall have to go now. It isn't the luxuries and things I care about; I can do without them; I am not quite such a wretched creature that I can't do without that sort of thing. But this is my last chance of saving myself—of being saved by you, if you will save me."

"Don't talk of saving," she said quickly; "you will stay here; I feel sure of it; and you will find better things to do than playing and betting, and running into debt."

"I will try," he said; "but it's a bad world."

"No, no, no," she cried; "it's a good world, and most amusing, and I don't believe that there is half so much harm in it as people say."

"You always say that," he said smiling sadly; "and it is so right that you should believe that. It would be a vile world that wasn't good to you; you are not like other women."

"Yes I am," she said; "but we all like to think we are different, and it is a mercy to think that one can be of some use to somebody."

"You needn't say that," he said; "everybody knows that your husband is one of the fortunate ones, bound to rise, to make a mark in the world, to do everything which a man ought——"

Here he stopped short, but his eloquent silence pointed the contrast.

"What has that got to do with it?" she asked.

"He can interest you," he said; "lay his plans before you, consult with you, ask your advice."

"And do you suppose," she asked, "that Tom talks to me of his plans and would listen to my advice? He might listen to me if I were a peasant proprietor or a professor of political economy. As it is——" She stopped short.

"I am awfully sorry," he said after a minute; "I've said the wrong thing; I had no idea that——"

"That what?" she asked, standing still and looking at him. He only answered her with his sympathetic eyes. "I am not complaining of my husband," she said shortly.

It was at this moment, when they were standing together in front of the northern wall of the garden, that Mrs. Chauncey pushed open one of the doors for the admission of herself and Lady Jane Lock. Neither Dora Rutherford nor Leonard Vale saw her, and she drew back and shut the door again, when Lady Jane had had time for one good look.

"Let us go back to the house by another way," suggested Clara Chauncey.

"What does it mean?" asked Lady Jane authoritatively.

"Oh, surely," began Clara, and stopped with a little laugh. "No," she began again, "it really is not ill-natured. Surely you must have noticed it in London: I go out so little myself, but I thought that it was common talk. Surely you know?"

"I know that he is a most dangerous and scandalous young man," said Lady Jane.

"And penniless," said Mrs. Chauncey.

"What was that shocking story about him?" asked Lady Jane.

"Oh, you mean the year before last," said Clara; "poor Mr. Vale! Nobody remembers a scandal which is more than a year old."

"I know that it was dreadfully disgraceful."

"Oh, yes!" said Clara; "but he was so young; they said he didn't know!"

"Old enough to know better," said Lady Jane, as she stamped sturdily towards the house: "it was cards, or a horse, or something. I never can remember those stupid male scandals."

Lady Jane Lock was a moralist. She disapproved of married women's flirtations, however harmless; but she could not help

thinking that, if Mrs. Rutherford must have an attentive cavalier, it was well that it should not be young Lord Lorrilaire. She had just completed an arrangement of Lord Lorrilaire's afternoon, which gave her the liveliest satisfaction, and the only thing which she had feared had been the interference of Dora Rutherford.

"It must be time for luncheon," she said, and perceived with satisfaction that she had an appetite.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lady Jane was patiently absorbing a liberal portion of roly-poly pudding, a dish of which she was particularly fond, when Dora Rutherford came in, still equipped with hat and jacket, and very late for luncheon. "So sorry to be late," she said to Mrs. Dormer; "and who's the pony cart for?"

"Is there a pony cart?" asked Mrs. Dormer absently.

"Yes, and there it goes," said Dora, whose quick ears caught the sound of wheels.

Lady Jane looked up from her roly-poly, and Susan Dormer began to laugh a little in her silent comfortable manner. "Jane wanted Elizabeth to see the ruined Abbey," she said, "and poor dear Archie——"

"Archie! The Abbey! I must see it!" cried Dora.

In a moment she was out of the room, flying down the passage and out of the front door. Down the Avenue she sped like a deer or the lightest of Diana's nymphs. Lady Jane gripped her spoon and fork and breathed hard. How could she go on calmly with that pudding in the presence of such extraordinary conduct? She looked with indignation at her friend Susan, who could only shake her head and laugh.

"Good old Mrs. Rutherford," murmured Tony Fotheringham at the window; "what a constitution she must have!"

Ten minutes later Lord Lorrilaire entered his dining-room laughing, and blushing a little; he met the inquiring stare of the speechless Lady Jane without a sign of shame. "It's all right," he said; "there hasn't been an accident; it's Dora."

"What's Dora?" asked Lady Jane hotly.

"What isn't Dora?" he said laughing; "there never was any one like her."

Lady Jane bit her tongue, that she might not say that she devoutly hoped not.

"We pulled up at the first gate," said Archie, "and I jumped out to open it, and I happened to look back, and there was Dora coming like a racer. She does run beautifully."

"Nice feminine accomplishment!" said Lady Jane sharply.

"Yes," said Archie; "isn't it pretty to see a girl run really well?"

"Where's Elizabeth?" asked Lady Jane.

"Oh, they've gone on together."

"Gone on together!"

"Yes," said Archie; "that was what Dora wanted. As soon as she could speak plain, she said that she was dying to see the old Abbey; and so she turned me out and took the reins."

"And you let her?" cried Lady Jane, who found it hard to hide the contempt which she felt for this rich young man.

"She is perfectly safe," said Archie; "I assure you you needn't be a bit afraid; she drives a great deal better than I do."

"But she hasn't had any luncheon," said Mrs. Dormer.

"She said she didn't want any."

"She'll never find the way," said Sir Villiers.

"I didn't think of that," said Archie; "but at least she is as likely to find it as I was; you know I'm a stranger in these parts."

His invincible good-humour annoyed Lady Jane Lock, who could not perceive in him any signs of disappointment. She had a speech on the tip of her tongue, which she had tried hard to restrain, but now she could hold it no longer.

"It is not as a whip that I distrust Mrs. Rutherford," she said with decision.

Archie turned quickly and looked at her.

"That's all very well as a joke," he said with a slight laugh; "but of course everybody knows that there's nobody who can be trusted as Dora can. I give you my word you may be perfectly easy about Miss Lock."

"Thank you! I am not at all uneasy about my daughter," said Lady Jane as she walked stiffly out of the room. She was exceedingly annoyed; she had not even had the heart to finish that good pudding. She took herself roundly to task for having lost her temper and offended her host; she, who prided herself on being a good mother, had failed to do her duty as a mother. She went out for one of her solitary walks and came back full of

good resolutions. She was able to receive her daughter with a smile, and to thank Mrs. Rutherford in Archie's presence for having taken such good care of her. "I was rather nervous," she admitted with her straightforward air, "till Lord Lorrilaire assured me that you were a safe whip."

"I can drive anything," said Dora cheerfully; "I enjoyed it enormously."

"And the Abbey?" asked Mrs. Chauncey, looking up innocently from her low chair by the tea-table; "is it really such a splendid ruin?"

"The Abbey?" repeated Dora vaguely.

"Yes—the Abbey which you were dying to see."

"Oh, yes," said Dora, "the Abbey—we didn't find the Abbey."

"What a disappointment!" said Clara, with her round eyes gravely sympathetic.

"Terrible!" said Dora; "do give me some tea, Mrs. Dormer! It's awfully rude, but I am so hungry; I had no luncheon, you know."

In that afternoon's skirmish the victory had been with Dora Rutherford; and yet she was not wholly happy. She had had a walk and a run and a drive, and she had missed her luncheon; and so it happened that even she was a little tired, and when she had finished her tea, she was glad to go to her room and rest a little before dinner. The curtains had been drawn across the windows, and the room, with its big bed and handsome old-fashioned furniture, was lighted only, but most agreeably lighted, by the cheerful wood-fire on the hearth. Wrapped in her dressing-gown and reclining in an arm-chair, Dora looked lazily into the fire and was glad for once to rest. She could venture to repose for an hour after her first success; she had seen the girl go to her room before she had yielded to her own feeling of weariness. Resting now in that pleasant place and at that pleasant hour she ought to have been wholly happy; but she was not. She could not help a feeling of uneasiness about this girl, whom she was bound to defeat. During their drive she had tried to study her, but she had been baffled by her apparent stolidity. Elizabeth had shown no sign of disappointment, when her attendant cavalier had been banished from the pony-cart; and for the rest of the afternoon she had shown no emotion of any kind. To Dora's questions about indifferent matters she had answered briefly and with the air of giving the expected

answers to matter-of-course questions. It appeared that she liked London; that she liked the country, that she liked riding, that she should like to go abroad but liked to stay at home, that she liked dogs but did not dislike cats, and that she did not know if she liked parrots or not; she did not hesitate to say where she got her dresses and her jackets. Dora felt no wiser at the end of their drive, and said to herself with conviction that this was a handsome, heavy, stupid girl; but yet a doubt remained. She had an uneasy feeling that Elizabeth might be more deep than stupid, and that she did not understand her. Now Dora Rutherford thought that she could read girls at a glance, and she was impatient under the suspicion that this girl baffled her legitimate curiosity. She would have liked to be perfectly certain that she knew all about Miss Lock and knew that she was in all ways unworthy of her dear Archie; for then she would have fought her campaign with a heart as light as her courage was undoubted. However, fight she must, and conquer she would.

Her heart was not light, as she sat before that cheerful fire, or at least not so light as usual. She felt lonely; she was accustomed to be popular, and she did not like the thought that not a woman in the house was glad of her presence. She took it as a matter of course that all the men were glad, and especially Archie, the friend of her childhood. And Leonard Vale too was more glad than the others; she was important to him; he needed her help; he respected her opinions. His admiration and respect soothed her as she sat thinking.

And yet she felt lonely. She missed her husband. That was a fact, which she recognised with some surprise. She made a little face at the fire, prompting herself to be aggrieved at her husband's absence, as if he had left her and not she him. She even said to herself that he might have come too, if he had wished; and that the land of this habitable globe would not have run away while his report thereon was suspended for a day or two. Yet she could not feel comfortably aggrieved. She could not help thinking of her husband with tenderness, with melancholy. She put down this uncommon mood to going without luncheon; but she was not content with this explanation. She missed her husband. This was a fact; and, as she considered this fact again, she began to feel pleasure in it. She did not care to go beyond it. She sat curled up in the big chair and allowed herself to dwell upon the fact that she missed her

husband. It was another proof, where none was necessary, how deeply she loved her husband. She had married him because she loved him. Whenever she had felt disappointment in her life as a married woman, she had always gone back to her love of her husband and to his love of her. These twin facts are the important facts of married life ; and Dora Rutherford was wise enough to know this. Looking into the wood-fire and thinking of Tom, she warmed her heart once again with the assurance that they loved each other ; she missed her husband very much indeed and was glad of it, though it made her melancholy.

And yet, when Dora told herself so truly that, where husband and wife love each other and each is sure of the other's love, all disappointments in their life are in comparison as nothing, she began straightway to slip, as she was apt to do, into unprofitable consideration of a certain disappointment. Dora had married for love ; but she had not married, as no loving fool, however foolish and however deep in love, has ever married in this world, with an empty head. She had promised to marry Tom Rutherford because she loved him ; but it was impossible for this clever, well-taught and energetic girl to have but one thought. As a fact she had had many thoughts, when she promised to marry Tom. She had known well that she was marrying a man of uncommon ability, a strong man whom his elders, if wise, respected, and whom the best of the younger men looked to as a likely leader. He was some fifteen years older than she, and had given proofs of his ability, which all might read. She knew that he had given his time to study of the state of the world, and of the theory and practice of politics ; that he had made his studies in no amateur's mood, but with steady industry and dogged perseverance ; that he had shown great powers of accumulating and using knowledge. He had travelled round the world, too, and had used his eyes for looking on life as well as on books. The occasional papers, which he had published, had shown mastery of the subjects on which he wrote, clearness of thought and of expression ; and they had never failed to attract attention. He had spoken now and then on the political questions of the day ; and he had lectured in towns in the North and had firmly held the attention of North-country miners and artizans. He had made no haste to go into Parliament ; but it was generally understood that he could go in at his own time. Party leaders were well aware of his existence, and even careful to show him no discourtesy. In any crisis of more than common

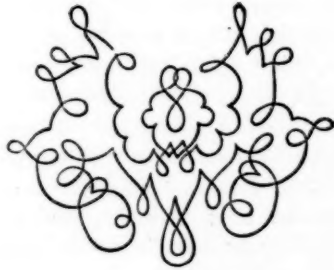
interest many sensible people looked for the expression of his opinion. It was known that at the next general election many constituencies would be candidates for his favour, and that some at least would be willing to pay his election expenses. In short Tom Rutherford, when he was thirty-five years old, was a rising man, and moreover conspicuous among rising men on account of an unusual accuracy of information and the possession of certain settled opinions, which were the result of much study and thought, and which would not be changed, as those who knew him knew well, for the sake of any office or the gain of any votes. He was not only a rising man ; he was a strong man too.

Looking into the fire, and thinking of her husband and of the place which he was winning in the world, Dora felt the usual pride ; but it was accompanied, as usual, by regret. Alone in her room, she blushed and bit her lip for shame when she remembered her girlish confidence and her girlish dreams. She remembered her love and admiration for her husband, her certainty of his future greatness, and her certainty that she, the girl who felt old because she was out of her teens, would be his chief helper. Once more she thought how absurd that girl had been with her belief in herself ; and how like a spoiled child she must have looked in her husband's eyes. She admitted to herself that she had been spoiled at home. Her mother was so fond of yielding, and her father so full of admiration of his daughter's cleverness ; it was not her own fault if she had been a spoiled child. And yet, if they had thought too well of her, that was no reason why her husband should hold her too cheap. She said to herself again that her husband did undervalue her. She knew that she was clever ; and she knew that she was well-taught. To doubt this latter fact was to doubt her father, who had been her chief teacher. Did not everybody know that her father had been one of the cleverest men of his day at Oxford, a brilliant scholar and a sound historian too ? Did not she know that, when for love and marriage he had settled down into a country rectory and a life of little cares, he had found in time one of the greatest pleasures of his quiet life in teaching his only child to use her mind ? She thought of her father with a peculiar tenderness, and remembered without a smile how often he had set forth for her benefit the true theory of education. "I would teach you to use your mind," he would say, "as an athlete is taught to use his muscles ; I do not wish to cram you ;

like a pullet." She recalled this and other wise sayings of her parent, and declared to herself again that filial piety forbade her to regard herself as an ignorant and ill-taught woman. And yet had she not over-valued herself and her ability, and over-valued herself to a ridiculous degree? Back came the blush to her cheeks as she remembered again that, mere child as she was, she had held herself fit to help her husband in his life's work. She blushed as she remembered her folly, that sublime self-confidence which her husband had not even suspected. She had made pompous plans, and had imagined herself a sort of glorified secretary; and he had never held her higher than a petted child. It was unfair; she was rightly aggrieved. So she sat vexing herself again with this, which was the disappointment of her married life. Alone in the firelight and in melancholy mood she felt much pity for the young girl, who so few years ago had gone proudly to be married in the familiar church at home. She recalled her folly and her pride, and then the keenness of the disappointment when she had felt it first. She was full of self-pity. The poor young bride waking to the fact that she was to be only loved like any other wife, seemed to her infinitely pathetic. And now she told herself that she had never advanced beyond this. Unfailing love and kindness she had found. She knew that her husband was a quick-tempered man—she had seen him angry with other people; but she had never found him even impatient with her, except when in their early days she had come into his study during his hours of work. Her offers of help he had treated as a joke, not even to be refused in words; he had kissed her and laughed. She had realized so soon (she was clever enough for that) what he expected from her. She was to have as many pretty things as he could afford to give her; and she was to have plenty of good society, which he, who was connected with many potent families, could give her without undue trouble. She had found soon that it was no use to beg him not to bore himself with so many dinners and dances, for he had made up his mind that these things were due to her; and, when he had made up his mind, he went through amusements with the same dogged perseverance which he brought to his graver labours. And she had enjoyed herself, having a fine capacity for enjoyment, making friends of men and women, thinking the best of everybody. She did not deny that she had had great fun; but she was at least as sure that she had not got over, and never would get over, her great

disappointment. She was sorry for herself and half-angry with her husband ; she knew that she was no fool ; and it was her husband's fault that she appeared to the world to be no more than a silly young married woman. For silly young married women she had a supreme contempt. Then Dora thought that it was well that everybody did not think her a fool. Her rapid mind was in search for comfort for her wounded vanity. Other people, even men, cared to listen to her opinions, and even to ask her advice. And so her mind came round again to Leonard Vale. She sat musing for a while, and then suddenly jumped up, looked at the clock on the mantelpiece, dashed off a note to her husband merely to say that she missed him, rang for her maid, and dressed with great speed. When she entered the dining-room, she looked even more radiant than usual, with a deeper flush on her cheek and her eyes dancing. All the evening she was in the highest spirits.

(To be continued.)



Macbeth and Common Sense.

ALONG with the tragedy of 'Macbeth,' Mr Irving has revived a whole swarm of theories, paradoxes, interpretations, fantasies, and fallacies which had slumbered for years on lofty bookshelves or in idle brains. Not otherwise, when one takes down a reverend folio from its niche, do the dust-clouds fly and the book-worms wriggle. Mr. Irving himself is only indirectly chargeable in the matter. Personally, he is guiltless enough of paradox or fantasy. He reads the character straightforwardly, and interprets it as his temperament suggests, or rather commands. Perhaps, after all, the revival is of service not only to scenic art but to rational criticism; for in the multitude of commentators there is a reduction to absurdity of what one is tempted to call supernaturalism in the study of Shakespeare.

Was Macbeth a paladin or a craven, a Roland or a Ganelon? Was he naturally humane and upright, or cruel, treacherous, and hypocritical? Did his wife deprave him, or he her? Did they stand in the relation of Clytemnestra and Ægisthus, or of Sykes and Nancy? Had they determined on the murder before the curtain rose? Was the Lady actuated by inborn and egoistic lust of power, or was her wifely and affectionate soul fascinated, on her husband's behalf, by the vision of greatness conjured up, in the first instance, by Macbeth? After the crime, was she callous or conscience-stricken? Did she die of remorse, of panic, or (as Fanny Kemble will have it) simply of "sin"? Lastly—and this is for the moment the pivot of the contention—was she, as Mrs. Siddons dreamed her, "fair, feminine, and fragile," or (to state what is apparently considered the only alternative) had she the voice of a drill-sergeant and the stride of a dragoon?

I do not propose to answer these questions, but rather to suggest that there is a fallacy in the way in which they are

stated. We ask: was Macbeth this? was Lady Macbeth that? until we forget they never were at all. It matters not what groundwork of history there may be in Holinshed's legend. Macbeth and Lady Macbeth are to all intents and purposes the creatures of Shakespeare's fantasy, just as much as Caliban and Ariel; yet we discuss them as though they were historical personages whose deeds had been faithfully registered, and whose very words had been taken down in shorthand. In that case there would doubtless be some single character-clue, which, once discovered, would guide us through every maze of motive and emotion, and help us to bring all seeming inconsistencies and anomalies under one pervading law. Inconsistencies of character do not exist, or, in other words, miracles do not happen. The Robespierre of Arras, who resigned his post rather than sentence a man to the gallows, may seem strangely unlike the Robespierre of Paris and '93; but he is the same man for all that; his character has simply developed, with no solution of continuity; could we collect sufficient evidence, we could follow the process hair's-breadth by hair's-breadth. Therefore we ask, quite reasonably, What was Robespierre? what did he think, what did he feel, at any given moment? The answer may be irrecoverably lost, but an answer there must have been. Not so in the case of Macbeth. There may not be—or rather, it is conceivable that there might not be—two speeches in his part which (in real life) could possibly have proceeded from the lips of one man. The fact that we ignore this fundamental distinction between Nature's handiwork and Shakespeare's is a compliment worth libraries of studied eulogy; it is a compliment habitually paid to him alone, so far as I know, among all the poets of the world; but it is destructive to sane criticism.

Shakespeare did not know everything about human nature, and we have no reason to suppose that he put all he knew into any given character. The probabilities run the other way. We have numberless errors and inconsistencies of detail in his works. We have, even in his play of 'Macbeth,' scenes dragged in for no conceivable artistic purpose, merely because they occurred in the text he happened to be dramatizing, or because they ministered to some patriotic feeling or superstitious craze among his audience, or again (so I would account for the Lady Macduff episode), because he happened to have an intelligent child actor in his company. We have his friends' explicit assertion, often

explained away but never disproved, that "his mind and hand went together," and that "he never blotted out a line." Strongest, though least palpable, of all, we have the internal evidence of his style (in the 'Macbeth' period at any rate) which, with all its marvellous pregnancy of thought and imagery, is surely moulded at one gush, not laboured, inlaid, and chased. I take it, then, that 'Macbeth,' of which no early or tentative version is known, was written with a flowing pen, and remained uncorrected. Whatever may have been Shakespeare's own estimate of his work and of his relation to posterity (most curious of all literary problems), he assuredly did not foresee the modern commentator, German or English. It did not occur to him that people would ever look into the seams of his work with microscopic eyes, and still less that by dint of diligent poring, they would convince themselves that there were no seams at all, but only one flawless web of magical texture. It is idle to speculate upon what he might have done had he foreseen this consummation; perhaps he would have made a bonfire of his manuscripts in the back garden at New Place. As it was, he worked on in his large, liberal, unsuspicious fashion, projecting figure after figure with no thought of how they would answer when called up for critical cross-examination. No one was less concerned than he about the "Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines," or the "Phrenology of Shakespeare's Heroes." He seems to have been deplorably incurious of such matters. It was not his method to write out a character, like a prescription, setting down virtues and vices in such and such quantities, and then to deduce every speech and gesture from the pre-arranged formula. I doubt whether he gave himself any clearer or minuter account of his personages than was necessary to justify each individual action and speech as it occurred to him. As he proceeded with a play, the characters would naturally appear to assume a certain life of their own, and to act from a sort of inward necessity, independent of his creative thought; but he was not the psychologist we think him if he did not know this to be a mere illusion. He probably knew, too, that as his characters thus took the bit between their teeth, and as unforeseen opportunities, combinations, and difficulties arose in the course of the action, things were apt to be said and done which did not entirely consist with foregoing events and conditions. Assured that his audiences would not look too closely into these trifles, he did not take the trouble to work over the fabric

anew and make everything dovetail. That was left for the commentators.

We may safely assert, then, that Shakespeare did not formulate the family history and the physiological habit of each of his characters, like a doctor examining an applicant for life-assurance. That is the method of M. Zola. Still less did he adopt the method of Miss Edgeworth, and make each of his plays an illustration of some moral or psychological thesis. Mr. Comyns Carr, in an ingenious and admirably written essay, has attempted to prove that the poet designed *Macbeth* and *Lady Macbeth* as "a sublime study of sexual contrast." Man's imaginative foresight, he argues, hampers him in the moment of action; woman's tendency to retrospection blinds her to consequences and makes her reckless in danger; and this Shakespeare "deliberately intended" to show. "It is natural," Mr. Carr writes, "in a man to anticipate: in a woman to remember; on the eve of action he looks forward with apprehension: on the morrow she looks back with regret; and while his nature is stronger in restraint, hers, on the contrary, surrenders itself more completely to the passion of remorse. The finer moral feelings of a woman are retrospective, for her imagination feeds and broods upon the past. She is often more intrepid in action because the intensity of her purpose bars the view of consequence; and whether the enterprise be heroic or malign, her indifference to danger, which then far surpasses the courage of man, is never so superbly illustrated as when she labours in his service, and not for any ends of her own. And so it happens that where she only follows she sometimes seems to lead, and the man, who has devised the policy which her readier resource only avails to carry into execution, appears in the guise of the reluctant victim of her stronger purpose and more undaunted will."

So far Mr. Carr; now let us hear Mr. R. G. Moulton, a critic so keen and enthusiastic that one cannot but regret the solemn trifling with language which leads him to call his method "inductive." In Mr. Moulton's eyes, "*Macbeth* is essentially the practical man, the man of action, of the highest experience, power, and energy in military and political command, accustomed to the closest connection between willing and doing. He is one who in another age would have worked out the problem of free-trade, or unified Germany, or engineered the Suez Canal." *Lady Macbeth*, on the other hand, is "an embodiment of the inner

life and its intellectual culture . . . accustomed to moral loneliness and at home in mental struggles." The two Lady Macbeths, Mr. Carr's and Mr. Moulton's, are perhaps not irreconcilable ; but what of the two Macbeths ? They are at opposite poles. If Shakespeare intended either of these character-contrasts, how badly he must have done his work, since only one critic, not out of two but out of two thousand, has grasped his intention !

Mr. Carr, again, insists that the murder of Duncan has been determined upon long before the play opens. "Shakespeare himself," he says, "has been at particular pains to make this clear to us ; for he doubtless felt, and felt rightly, that unless the starting-point were clearly kept in view, the subsequent development of the action, with the contrast of character it is designed to illustrate, would lose all significance." But if Duncan is as good as dead from before the commencement of the play, the Witches, surely, "lose all significance." Why introduce such elaborate machinery merely to help out a foregone conclusion ? "*Nec diabolus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.*" The ground is doubtless prepared, but it is the Witches who sow the seed. If Macbeth were already familiar with the idea of murder, why should the suggestion of it

"Unfix his hair
And make his seated heart knock at his ribs" ?

The passage in which Mr. Carr discovers that Shakespeare takes "particular pains" thus to forestall the Witches, is of course Lady Macbeth's speech :

"What beast was't then
That made you break this enterprise to me ?
. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :
They've made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me ;
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this."

In a dramatist who writes by the clock, like Sardou, this speech would bear no other interpretation than that which Mr. Carr puts upon it ; but Shakespeare was utterly and systematically reckless of time. If we take the text literally, the whole action of 'Macbeth' up to the murder of Duncan—the

first appearance of the Witches, the two battles, the reception of the news by Duncan, Macbeth's encounter with the Witches, his meeting with Duncan at Forres, his ride from Forres to Inverness, Duncan's arrival at the castle, and the banquet which precedes the King's retirement to rest—all take place within eighteen hours at most. This is clearly an ideal treatment of time ; or, in other words, Shakespeare neither defined for himself nor expected his audience to trouble their heads about the time actually occupied. He left it vague—so much so as to forget that, literally speaking, there had been no interval in the series of events for the discussion to which Lady Macbeth refers. The "breaking" of the enterprise I take to have lain in Macbeth's letter. Whatever may have been his intention in writing, Lady Macbeth assuredly read into it the murderous design. Some may think it easier to suppose that Shakespeare made the artistic mistake of deliberately annihilating the function of the Witches, than to attribute to him such a lapse of memory. But even greater errors occur where no such alternative is possible. Has the reader ever observed that in 'Othello,' as the sequence of events is arranged, Iago's accusation is a physical impossibility? There has not been a single moment in which Cassio could win, or even woo, Desdemona. If the poet could be so heedless of chronology as this, why should he not, in a moment of forgetfulness, make Lady Macbeth allude to an interview between herself and her husband, for which he had left no pause in the march of events? It does not follow that he never noticed the inconsistency. He may quite well have remarked it in reading over the play, or at rehearsal, and yet have made no alteration. The speech offered a fine opportunity for the actor of Lady Macbeth, and the audience would never see that anything was wrong. I do not pretend that this argument is conclusive, but it is surely plausible enough to make us receive with the utmost scepticism any far-reaching deductions from the opposite interpretation of the passage.

The moral of the foregoing pages is this: Shakespeare's text is not a melody supported on elaborate ethical and psychological harmonies. It may be an amusing and even profitable exercise to write-in such harmonies, but when we assert that they existed in Shakespeare's consciousness as he composed, we go beyond, or rather against, the evidence. Similarly, the attempt to establish a complete and consistent character-formula for each of his personages is an entirely fantastic employment. Even in

Macbeth much is left vague, indeterminate; still more in the more shortly treated Lady Macbeth; and in what is not left vague we find, I think, some inconsistencies. There are utterances in each part that will fit into no conceivable character-scheme. The presentation of character in all its facets, intellectual, moral and spiritual, belongs to a later period than Shakespeare's, and to another art. We may look for consistency and, so to speak, rotundity of characterisation in George Eliot, George Meredith, Zola, Tolstoj; in Shakespeare we must be content (and more than content) with exuberant vitality and inexhaustible beauty. If only the commentators would take to heart, in its whole significance, that pregnant saying, "Others abide our question, thou art free"!

Exegetic fantasias, even the wildest, may have their interest for the literary student; to the actor they are valueless, except when he wants to convince himself, by hook or by crook, that in conceiving this or that character Shakespeare foresaw his (the actor's) peculiar physique and temperament. Many industrious pens have been labouring during the past month to prove that Miss Ellen Terry is the one predestinate Lady Macbeth. The general tactics of these advocates may be summed up in the phrase "No case—abuse Mrs. Siddons"; but some exhibit a good deal of ingenuity. One gentleman, for example, argues that Lady Macbeth was of highly nervous constitution because she fortified herself with Dutch courage before the crime ("That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold"); forgetting that in order to "convince" the chamberlains, she was bound, as hostess, to lend some personal encouragement to their carouse. Such arguments must be taken for what they are worth. For my part, I admire Miss Terry's performance very warmly. It is hauntingly beautiful in all external respects; it is full of subtle and ingenious detail; it possesses that great quality of distinction which may fairly be preferred to any amount of commonplace correctness. All this I gladly allow; the one thing I cannot allow is that Shakespeare intended such a Lady Macbeth. The only way to get at Shakespeare's intention is to read the part carefully, and to consider, line by line and scene by scene, how it may be most impressively rendered. For the poet's primary purpose, we may be sure, was not to illustrate "sexual contrast" or "the outer and the inner life," but to move, excite, and awe a theatreful of people. Whatever reading best fulfils

this end is most in harmony with Shakespeare's intention ; and in respect of emotional potency Miss Terry's performance falls far short of the ideal. It charms and interests, it does not thrill and subdue us.

Let us look at a few of its most characteristic points. Already in the reading of the letter, by the glow of a wood-fire, Miss Terry emphasizes the unconventionality of her design. She adopts, indeed, Mrs. Siddons' pause in the phrase, "They made themselves—air!" but she goes further than Mrs. Siddons, and reads the sentence over again, as though to make sure that she can believe her eyes. Then at the words, "Yet do I fear thy nature," she throws herself back luxuriously in a large arm-chair before the hearth, striking a note, as it were, of unrestrained and almost feline domesticity. In apostrophizing "Great Glamis," she draws his medallion from her bosom and kisses her hand to it with one of those waving gestures in which she delights. A less commendable touch of originality is the lingering gasp of astonishment with which she receives the news, "The King comes here to-night." The retort, "Thou'rt mad to say it!" should surely follow quick as thought upon the messenger's speech ; but its proper delivery would call for a crispness and vigour of style which Miss Terry does not possess. By pointing upwards at the words,

"The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan,"

Miss Terry suggests a real raven, whereas the phrase obviously refers to the courier, "almost dead for breath," whom she has just commended to his comrade's "tending." On the entrance of Macbeth, she throws herself on his neck at the words "Great Glamis," and a long and tender embrace precedes the next phrase, "Worthy Cawdor!" It is a pretty point ; but how it would have made Mrs. Siddons stare ! In the reception of Duncan, Miss Terry is gracious and queenly. A slight misreading may perhaps be noted. The actress mispunctuates the lines,

"Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,"

delivering them with no pause at the second "theirs," and a long pause at "compt," as though "in compt" belonged to the foregoing and not to the succeeding phrase. A novel, and to my

mind excellent, reading occurs in the last scene of the first act. In the question

" Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire ? "

Miss Terry lays a stress on the second "art," holding up her forefinger with a gesture that seems to say "Deny it if you can." "We fail!" instead of being given with contemptuous emphasis, is accompanied with a cajoling embrace—a point in which we may read the spirit of the whole performance. It lacks not only tragic intensity but intellectual momentum. This Lady Macbeth is a wooing breeze, not an irresistible whirlwind. Macbeth is wheedled, not rapt, into crime.

In the courtyard-scene there are fine touches and strange errors. The cry of "Hark!—Peace!" at Duncan's dying groan, is accompanied by no perceptible start, and conveys no idea of extreme nervous tension. The phrase "The attempt and not the deed Confounds us" is mispunctuated. The chief pause should be at "deed," not "attempt." The first six words cohere in sense; they are a mere circumlocution for "failure." Before the words "Had he not resembled My father as he slept," Miss Terry introduces one of those inarticulate, guttural ejaculations with which she is apt throughout to mar the verse. A tellingly realistic touch (however un-Shakespearean) is the gesture with which Lady Macbeth dashes the perspiration from her brow in her agony of apprehensive excitement. Bernhardtesque but very striking is her attitude as she clings with outstretched arms to the turret while whispering the words, "I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;" and another effective piece of realism is the gingerly fashion in which she takes up, with her bloody hands, the cloak she has thrown off before setting about her ghastly business. On her return to the stage in the midst of the hubbub after the discovery of the murder, her tall white form, less pallid than her face, stands marvellously forth from the many-coloured crowd. While Macbeth is describing the scene in Duncan's chamber, Miss Terry, leaning sideways in eager attention behind a group of soldiers, accompanies the recital with a whispered, "Yes—yes—yes—yes," nodding her head as Macbeth recalls each detail of the spectacle, until at last she sinks fainting into the arms of her women. Miss Terry evidently accepts the theory that Lady Macbeth is overcome by her husband's vivid picture of the scene. This is probably correct. Even the sterner view

of her character does not compel us to regard her swoon as a piece of hypocrisy.

In the second scene of the third act, the short soliloquy, "Nought's had, all's spent," &c., is pitched in a curious key of moral or didactic pathos. The line, "But in them nature's copy's not eterne," is uttered in a tone of commonplace remonstrance which seems to imply mild surprise that Macbeth has not long ago had recourse to such a simple and trivial remedy as murder. This scarcely consists with the theory of remorse; but no possible intonation could bring such a speech into concord with a theory which it in fact annihilates. The banquet-scene shows Miss Terry at her best. She is noble throughout, and at the close pathetic. Her treatment of the phrase "I pray you speak not" is, I think, an innovation. She addresses it, not to the guests, but to Macbeth, at the same time covering his mouth with her hand.

Of the sleep-walking scene I know not what to say. On seeing it a second time, I was more impressed by it than on the first night; and yet, without being able to define my objection, I cannot accept it as the right thing. The one phrase which seemed to me positively wrong was, "Yet who would have thought the old man to have so much blood in him?" This Miss Terry drags out with a false and artificial drawl. Her appearance, let me add, is memorably magnificent.

I have left myself little space in which to speak of Mr. Irving's Macbeth. It does not, like Miss Terry's performance, raise essential questions of interpretation. In his understanding of the part Mr. Irving seems to me altogether sound; it is to his technical methods that criticism must address itself. Of Mr. Irving, as an actor, one may say with the poet:—

"And you must love him ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love."

A foreigner—a German, for example—seeing him for the first time in Macbeth, would probably leave the theatre, not uninterested, but on the whole bewildered by the external peculiarities of his art. We, to whom these peculiarities are familiar, can find many positive beauties in his performance, but can scarcely argue that he produces the full impression, or even an approach to the full impression, that an actor of adequate physical gifts might convey. He is admirable in all conversational and contemplative passages; he is always picturesque;

and in several of the pathetic speeches which are the jewels of the part, he has now acquired a smooth sincerity of diction which gives them fine effect, if not the finest. As the emotional pitch rises, unfortunately, Mr. Irving fails to rise with it. The greatest opportunities of the part—some portions of the courtyard scene and the encounter with Banquo's Ghost—he suffers to slip through his fingers. There is no rush, no sweep in his acting. He never attains to anything like the "large utterance" of tragic passion. His pauses are often exasperating. When he says, "And pity like—a naked new-born babe," we may suppose that he means to represent Macbeth as searching for a simile; and though the principle seems to me wrong, it is not indefensible. But when he says, "Fleance his—son, that keeps him company," the same excuse will not hold, for Macbeth remembers only too well the relationship between Fleance and Banquo. Again, why should Macbeth say to Banquo's Ghost—

"Take—any—shape—but—that—and—my firm nerves
Shall never tremble"?

This is spitting out the text, not reciting it. On the whole, Macbeth will never rank among Mr. Irving's really great parts; but it affords a striking proof of his intelligence, earnestness, and fertility of resource.

As for the glories of the mounting, are they not written in a hundred newspapers? They are very remarkable, yet it would be unjust to call them the most interesting feature of the production. What is really interesting, to the student of the stage, at any rate, is to see a great tragedy transposed—and very cleverly and ingeniously transposed—into the key of domestic drama.

WILLIAM ARCHER.



Personal Recollections of the Great Duke of Wellington.

BY GEORGIANA, DOWAGER LADY DE ROS.

II.

THE following narratives and anecdotes were told me on various occasions by the Duke, and taken down by me at the time ; some of them are of historical value, and all appear to me interesting as having come from his lips.

THE DUKE'S ACCOUNT OF THE CATO STREET CONSPIRACY.

Strathfieldsaye, Nov. 2, 1838.—The Duke told us about Thistlewood's attempt to murder the Ministers. The first intimation of a conspiracy was received some months before the Cato Street attack from a young sculptor employed at Windsor, who, it seems, had been engaged in the affair, but on finding it extended to the massacre of the Ministers, was seized with compunction, and gave information to Lord Sidmouth. Little attention was paid by him to this man's story, nor did he pay much more to the intelligence brought to him by a person who was a kind of foreman to a set of Irish bricklayers, most of them living in Gee's Court, Oxford Street, and who stated that he heard among his men some conversation which convinced him they had been tampered with to engage themselves in some desperate plan for a general riot and plunder, though he could not arrive at any particulars.

On occasion of a grand ball given by the Spanish Ambassador in Portland Place, to the Prince Regent, about a month before, the Duke of Wellington was at a dinner of the Cabinet at Lord

Westmoreland's, when he received a note from the Spanish Ambassador, saying, that he was informed that a crowd of very desperate persons had collected round his house, and begging him (he was the Gold Stick as Colonel of the Blues) to give orders for the attendance of military. He handed the note to Lord Sidmouth, and orders were directly despatched to the 2nd Life Guards, then in the old Cavalry Barracks in King Street, Portman Square, to send off instantly a troop to Portland Place. The order was promptly obeyed, the soldiers going off as fast as they could mount, some in one dress and some in another. And it appeared afterwards that ten minutes' delay might have had serious results, for Thistlewood and others of the Cato Street gang were on the point of attempting to force their way into the house. It is, however, to be observed, that, being a full dress ball, all the officers and others in uniform were armed with their swords, and, if not surprised at first, would no doubt have been able to make much resistance.

The third and most explicit piece of information about the Cato Street affair was as follows. Lord Harrowby was riding in the Park when a man came up to him and asked, "Are you one of the Ministers?" He replied, "Yes." "Are you Lord Castlereagh?" "No." "Can you give this letter to him which conveys information of a dreadful conspiracy?" Lord Harrowby took the letter, making an appointment to meet the man in a more retired spot.

So little was thought of this that when Lord Harrowby brought the letter to the Council where he was then going, and which sat at Carlton House, no one of the Ministers would open it till Lord Castlereagh came, whom, however, they sent for from his house in St. James's Square. As soon as he had read and told them its contents, there was much agitation and debate as to how they should proceed.

The Duke recommended that the attack of the conspirators should not be prevented, but that the Cabinet dinner should take place, as if nothing had been known, at Lord Harrowby's, and thus, by a concerted arrangement, the whole of the gang should be captured. Had the rest agreed, his plan was this. A piquet of the Guards in Portman Street barracks was to be warned for duty of some nature not to excite suspicion; a couple of officers, in plain clothes and well mounted, were to ride about the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square as if returning from the Park, and the moment they perceived the gang assembling, were to slip away, and, galloping to the barracks, bring back

the soldiers as fast as they could run, who, on entering the Square, were to divide in two bodies, and surround the whole of the South side of the Square by one party detaching men round by Audley Street, and the others meeting them by Charles Street. As to the arrangements in Lord Harrowby's house each Minister was to bring a pair of pistols in his official box, and also a servant on whom he could depend ; they usually brought servants at Cabinet dinners to assist in waiting ; the dinner was to be upstairs, but the dining-room below lighted and prepared as usual in order to deceive the conspirators ; the hall was to be barricaded with heavy furniture, and the stairs also secured by impediments, by which means, before an entrance could be effected, the troops would be upon them in the very act, and scarce a man could have escaped.

I may here add my own recollections of that day. I was living with my uncle, Lord Bathurst, one of the Cabinet Ministers, and he had said he was going to a Cabinet dinner at Lord Harrowby's. He appeared dressed for dinner, and the carriage was announced and remained some time at the door. At last Lady Bathurst remarked that he would be late. On which he said he would not go at all, and dined at home. Lady G. Bathurst went to a party that evening, and came home full of the whole story ! The Ministers had agreed to allow their carriages to be seen at their doors, as if they were going to Lord Harrowby's.

THE DUKE'S RIDE FROM THE MINT.

Walmer Castle, Sept. 15, 1842.—The Duke told us that when he went, on the morning of the 18th of June, 1832, to give a sitting to Pistucci at the Mint, he observed a great many odd-looking people about, who showed marks of dissatisfaction. By the time he came away an immense mob had assembled. Ballantyne, the magistrate, came to him and offered his services, but the Duke said, "You can do nothing. The only thing you can help me in is to tell me exactly the road I am to take to get to Lincoln's Inn ; for the great danger would be in my missing my way and having to turn back on the mob." Accordingly, he started and the mob kept following and increasing. A gentleman, driving a Tilbury, put himself exactly behind him, which

was a great protection to him, and he regrets he never could find out who he was. Two old discharged soldiers came and offered their services, and he placed them on each side of his horse, and whenever they were obliged to stop, he ordered them to face outwards with their backs to his legs, as he had a horror of the mob running in before him and tilting him off his horse. In this manner they got to Lincoln's Inn, where he was joined by numbers of lawyers, who escorted him on horseback and on foot, and the procession had then the appearance of a triumph, ladies waving their handkerchiefs at the windows, and gentlemen at their doors inviting the Duke to come in ; but that, he said, "I would not do ; it was easy enough to go in, but how was I to get out, there was the difficulty ; like people getting into a scrape, easy enough to do that, but not so easy to get out of it."

When the Duke reached Stable Yard and got into the Park he desired the gatekeeper to shut the gates, which he did, but the mob rushed through a passage near the Duke of Sutherland's house, and across the Green Park and received him with execrations at Apsley House gate. It was fortunate that the streets were perfectly dry and there were no loose stones about, so that they could not pelt him. He said he saw a coal waggon come by with some anxiety.

THE DUKE'S ACCOUNT OF THE ATTEMPT ON HIS LIFE BY CANTILLON IN PARIS IN 1818.

The Duke had received a great many intimations that he was to be assassinated, and therefore did not go to any public fêtes. Once it had been arranged that his life should be taken at a bal masqué where they expected him, but he did not go. The next day, February 11th, 1818, he had a dinner-party, after which he went to Mrs. Craufurd's for half-an-hour, and on his return, just as his carriage was turning into his own Porte Cochère, a shot was fired. The Duke thought that the coachman in driving full gallop, as he did, had knocked down the sentry, and that the latter's piece had gone off, and so began reproaching the coachman, who then told him that a man had fired at him, which was the cause of the coachman dashing into the gateway. By thus rushing in the coachman certainly saved the Duke's life, for the shot was aimed exactly at the corner of the carriage where the Duke sat, and it neither touched the carriage nor the

footmen. The next day the Commissioner of Police arrived early to examine the servants and make enquiries, etc. The Duke went out. On his return he still found the Commissioner there, and on asking if he had taken the depositions of the coachman the man replied, "Non, milord, je cherche toujours la balle!" The Duke endeavoured to persuade him that the assassin was not likely to have risked his life by firing at him without having had a ball to kill him with.

Two of the Duke's servants were walking that evening down the street and met a man running very fast, which evidently must have been the assassin, Cantillon. He was taken and tried, but acquitted.

NAPOLÉON.

The Duke said—

"After the retreat of Buonaparte from Leipsic, he never in fact had any hope of getting over his bad fortune.

"Molé, then Minister of War, told me that shortly after Napoleon's return at that time to Paris, he was playing at billiards with him when he became thoughtful, and laying down his cue, began talking to him of the impossibility of ever reviving the spirit of the nation sufficiently to expel the Northern Powers. Had these reverses, he said, occurred in the first days of the Republic, there would have been a freshness of spirit that might have saved the game, but that spirit was now worn out and never could again be expected to revive. Yet with this depressing conviction upon his mind, he went through his wonderful campaign of Champagne with an activity perhaps unparalleled in his former wars." The Duke's invariable comment on Napoleon was, "He was not a gentleman."

MR. PITT.

Mr. Pitt was remarkable for never answering any letter, and generally for writing as seldom and as little as possible. Lord Grenville, on the other hand, was extremely punctual in answering letters, and a good correspondent. After some great political event, Lord Grenville wrote a detailed account of it to Lord Wellesley at Calcutta, with many private details known only in the Cabinet, prefacing his letter with the observation that, knowing Mr. Pitt's bad practice of not writing, he thought it proper to let Lord Wellesley fully into the transaction. As ill-luck would have it, the ship which was conveying this letter was

captured in the Channel by a French privateer, and the letter-bag falling into the hands of the French Government, Lord Grenville's letter was immediately published in the "*Moniteur*," which fact soon coming to Mr. Pitt's knowledge, he dryly observed that "he hoped Lord Grenville would not be in a hurry to call his practice of not writing letters so very bad a one! The Duke, talking of Mr. Pitt (Dec. 17, 1839) at Strathfieldsaye, said that the fault of his character was being too sanguine, that he conceived a project and then imagined it was done, and did not enter enough into the details.

IN SPAIN.

The Duke told us that among his A.D.C.'s, when he went to Spain, there was a blunt Captain, who knew nothing of the *refinements* of life, and who remonstrated at all their luggage, and begged to know what each box contained. The other A.D.C.'s had each their box of blacking, and another for boot-trees. "Boot trees!" said the Captain, "you may call 'em what you like, but I see plainly they are *wooden-legs*! what a desperate set of fellows you must be!"—imagining they all *meant* to lose their legs!

SAYINGS OF TALLEYRAND.

Walmer Castle, Oct. 10, 1838.—The Duke said, "When Buona-parte died, I was at old Crawford's in Paris, and everybody came in full of it. Some exclaimed, 'Quel événement!' Talleyrand, who was present, said, 'Non, ce n'est plus un événement, ce n'est maintenant qu'une *nouvelle*.'"

A man who squinted very much asked Talleyrand "Comment vont les affaires à présent?" Talleyrand looked at him a moment and answered, "Comme *vous* voyez."

S. Saye, Dec. 14, 1839.—The Emperor Paul, meeting an Englishman one day in St. Petersburg, who did not take off his hat to him, enquired the reason, and on being told that he was short-sighted, he issued a decree which the Duke saw, ordering the Englishman to wear spectacles for the rest of his life.

Strathfieldsaye, March, 1845.—The Duke told us a story of Madame de Stael, to show the importance of an invitation to dinner.

She was extremely desirous that Monsieur Benjamin Constant should have some good place, and she applied to M. Blacas to make him Conseiller d'État.

"Non, cela est impossible," was the reply.

"Eh bien, alors fait le Ministre d'État."

"Non, cela ne se peut pas."

"Alors faites le Huissier."

"Non, je ne peux pas."

"Eh bien donc—priez-le à diner." And even *that* was refused !

LAVALETTE'S ESCAPE AND SIR ROBERT WILSON.

Walmer Castle, Sept. 12, 1840.—The Duke in speaking of Lavalette's escape from Paris in 1815, told us that "Sir R. Wilson boasted to several Russian ladies of having assisted in it, and he also wrote a letter to Lord G—— detailing the whole affair, which letter he gave to his Laquais de Place to put into the post, not liking to send it by the military or the ambassador's bag. The Laquais de Place was a spy, and instantly carried it to the Des Cases (the sous-prefect of Police) who brought me information of it. A day or two after Sir Robert was shut up in the Conciergerie, a letter arrived for him in the English bag. I gave it to Scovell (Sir George), who found out from the arms on the seal that it was from Lord G—— ; so I thought it better to send it back to him and to tell him that Sir R. was in the Conciergerie, and if I had sent it there it would have been opened by the French Government. The first suspicion was aroused by Sir R. Wilson and Hutchinson sending an order to a French tailor for an English General's uniform, and the tailor, seeing that the proper snips were not made in the measurement, suspected all was not right, and informed the Police."

THE DUKE ON MR. FOX.

"He was a very silent man in company. I remember a story Arbuthnot told me of him : when he was either at Houghton or Holkham, he had, contrary to the rules of the house, killed a number of hen pheasants. He carried them home himself, but he did not dare show them, so he secreted them behind his bed, and they were only discovered when he left the house."

A RESPECTABLE MAN.

"People are so fond," said the Duke, "of talking of a 'respectable man.' The waiter at the Salon, when pressed on a duel inquest, admitted that it meant a 'man in good clothes.' Lord Liverpool used to talk of 'respectable men,' and when I pressed him as to what that exactly meant, I never could get a satisfactory explanation. I own my object was to bring him to the same admission as this waiter—that it meant a 'man in good clothes.'"

After Sir Arthur Wellesley returned from India, he was one night in the House of Commons sitting between Sir J. Shelley and some other great sporting man, and heard them talking repeatedly of their "books," which aroused his curiosity, and to their infinite amusement he asked "*What* books they were talking of?"

THE EDUCATION OF A GENTLEMAN.

"During all my experience," said the Duke, "of the leaders both civil and military in Spain, I never met with a Spaniard of a superior education, nor indeed do I believe there has been anything like a good education in that country since the Jesuits were expelled from it; they not only looked to the instruction of youth, but they took care to bring their pupils up in the habits of gentlemen. As to military education, I am persuaded that the best education for an officer is whatever may be considered the fittest education for a gentleman, whether in England or elsewhere. Let that be the foundation, and it is easy to add such technical science as may be necessary for an officer."

ESPIONAGE.

Talking of the system of espionage abroad, the Duke told us the following story of himself to show how stories are fabricated and circulated. When he was Secretary for Foreign Affairs, several of the Foreign Ministers called one day to enquire after his health. He assured them he had not been ill. One of them said, "that was very strange, for he had heard the Duke was ill with a severe cold, and had kept his head for a whole day under the bed-clothes!" The Duke was at a loss to discover how this story had got about until Gen. Alava told him that he had been one morning to Apsley House, and, on hearing the Duke was not out of his room, he went downstairs to have a gossip with

Mrs. Cross, the housekeeper, who told him she was afraid the Duke was not well, as the housemaid said, when she lighted the fire he was sleeping with his head under the bed-clothes.

General Tchernicheff was very fond of recounting his exploits at the Battle of Chalons, and his wife having heard them often, used to say to him "Eh bien, donnez-nous votre Chalons, et puis — taisez-vous !"

Bonaparte said one day to Mdle. Condorsay, "Je déteste les femmes d'esprit !" She answered, "Pourtant, puis qu'on leur fait l'honneur de leur couper la tête, il faut bien qu'elles aient assez d'esprit pour savoir *pourquoi*."

At the time of a riot in St. James's Square, when Lord Bristol's windows were broken, Betty, the housemaid, met a friend, who said to her, "We've had such fun ; I wish you had been with us." Betty replied, "I'm all for the Duke !" to which the other answered, "I'm all for the King !"

The Duke said General Alaon described his wife as "excellente femme ! mais fort ennuyeuse !"

ERRATUM.—In the January number of 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE,' page 39, footnote, for "Lieut.-Gen. Lennox" read "Lady G. Lennox."



Thrice Three.

BY LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA.

AUTHOR OF "LOVE'S MARTYR."

PART I.

THERE once stood an inn on the Portsmouth Road where neither coach nor chaise was wont to stop. The host was proud of his well-filled settle, for there neighbour and wayfarer emptied bright tankards all day long, lading the air with gossip and the smoke of their churchwardens. But the parlour reeked of emptiness; it was musty and damp; the fox on the mantel-piece was full of moth, and a mouldy bloom lay on everything. The bedrooms too were shuttered, giving the house from without a winking sleepy look; the blankets were piled in the middle of the beds, and the jugs lay sideways in the basins. Guests were rare at the "Nine Elms," for it lay midway between two larger hostelries; and when chance led some traveller to his door, Anthony Pew was the first to show surprise.

The rooms had long been tenantless when, on the third day of a windy March, towards nine o'clock in the evening, two passengers alighted from a passing coach and demanded a night's lodging. They were apparently strangers, which added to the wonder of the occurrence. Having respectively ordered cold beef and eggs and bacon for their supper, the welcome guests were shown into the parlour, where a fire was promptly lighted in the unaccustomed grate.

The younger threw off his cloak and approached the blaze, humming cheerfully. Somewhat above middle height, of fair complexion, with well-formed features and a pair of fine blue eyes, he was more than commonly pleasant to look upon; and, apart from the elegance of his attire, his whole bearing proclaimed a gentleman. The other, an older man, had retired to the further end of the room, and, crossing his arms, set his back

to the table. He was of unfavourable appearance, his features being hard, sharp, and accentuated by a morose rigidity of expression. He was tall and very thin; his clothes were good but carelessly worn; his hair was long and needed combing, while the dark colour of his face and hands was probably as much due to neglect of water as to natural swarthinness of complexion.

Anthony Pew, who was watching his guests through the chink of the door, had to wait some time before he heard the sound of their voices. The younger man was the first to speak. Having filliped the dust from his clothes into the fender, and derived what amusement he could from a survey of the apartment, he turned towards his sulky companion, at whose back he smiled good-humouredly.

"Do you despise warmth?" said he, "the fire is drawing pleasantly." And later he suggested that—the room being fairly warm—they should open a window to get rid of the smoke; in spite of his amiable address he could provoke no answer.

But it was not until supper had arrived that the unsociable qualities of the elder man became fully evident; he then rose without a word, removed to the further end of the table the plate which had been laid for him beside his fellow-guest, and proceeded to devour his cold beef in a manner that denoted great want of breeding. His companion kept talking, however, with the utmost good-humour, until at length, throwing down his knife and fork, he looked up at the persevering young man with some surprise and much vexation.

"I beg," said he, "if your irritating questions were prompted by civility, that you will not trouble to repeat them; if by curiosity, I will at once remove all need of further speech. My name is Ralph Granger; I am thirty-nine years of age and have no connections. In three days I trust to have sailed far from the offensive rattle of modish tongues, by which time may you have forgotten me as surely as I shall have forgotten you."

The young man fixed his frank blue eyes on the rugged brows of Mr. Granger.

"I am vastly obliged to you," he answered cheerfully; "permit me to make some return for your courtesy. My name is Geoffrey Wilmot; my age is twenty-seven; I am, like you, an orphan, a man of means. For the rest, I fear that one with a poorer memory than your most obedient would find it hard to forget Mr. Ralph Granger."

Breaking then into an irresistible smile, he helped himself to another egg, and the meal proceeded in silence.

Now Anthony had a good cellar, a fact of which he presently informed the gentlemen, whereupon Mr. Wilmot called for a bottle of wine. He had by this time returned to the hearth, leaving his companion seated at table, so that both were facing the door when their host re-entered; and their eyes must have fallen at an identical moment on the little figure that followed, bearing two glasses on a tray.

They came forward and gazed curiously at the new-comer. It might have been a child or a woman; at first sight they hardly knew which, though the intensity of their interest proved her womanhood.

She was slight and winsome, fair-skinned and black-eyed, with little dark curls all over her head. The serenity of her expression, the softness of her tread, the grace with which her small white fingers held the tray, added to actual beauty of face and form, made her appear almost supernaturally lovely to those who now beheld her for the first time.

Anthony, perceiving the astonishment of his guests, turned to the girl with a kindly chuckle.

"Did I not tell thee, Rachel," said he, "that the gentlemen would wonder to see a poor girl so tricked out in a white gown? You must forgive her, masters," he continued, "but 'tis her eighteenth birthday, and come in she would to have a look at the gentlemen, for a treat, as she said; and I didn't say her nay, for we've had no such mighty merry-making."

Rachel, who had been smiling shyly during her father's speech, now raised her eyes appealingly, first at Mr. Granger, then at Mr. Wilmot, on whom she let her soft gaze linger an instant. A pretty scene followed, for the young man flushed perceptibly, Rachel Pew's fair cheek reflecting his heightened colour; whereupon both looked away, and forthwith looked back again, to their mutual embarrassment.

Ralph Granger meanwhile, with hands clasped behind his back, was looking down at the little creature. He saw her blush, and marked the cause, but relaxed no muscle on his face, his small keen eyes continuing to watch her from a natural ambush of eyebrow.

When Anthony had drawn the cork, Mr. Wilmot politely asked his fellow-guest to drink, but met with a curt refusal; the host was more complacent, and drained many a glass at the risk

of getting drunk through the magnitude of his share, while the owner of the bottle—taking deep draughts at the well of love—stood an equal chance of intoxication. Indeed, the effect produced on the young man by Rachel's beauty had been as instantaneous as profound. He gazed at her in silence, his emotion being such that he was incapable of speech, although, before tasting his first glass, he had roused himself sufficiently to drink to her health.

Her self-command had promptly returned ; standing beside her father, and opposite Mr. Wilmot, she occasionally raised her eyes to his without a sign of discomposure, casting an equal number of glances on Mr. Granger, whose immovable stare appeared to fascinate her. The time she did not bestow on either gentleman she employed in demurely playing with the buttons of her father's coat ; the worthy man talking volubly the while, unconscious that he had not one attentive ear.

At length the bottle was empty, and Anthony informed his guests that their rooms were in readiness.

"We will now bid you good-night," said he. "Come, my girl, you should have been abed an hour ago ; take leave of the gentlemen."

Rachel curtsied prettily to each and left the room. Mr. Wilmot, keeping his eyes fixed yet an instant on the door through which she had passed, sighed and turned towards the chimney, but started in amazement when his companion presently recalled the host and addressed him thus :

"We have no wish, good friend Anthony," said he, "to keep you up beyond your wonted hour ; this—Mr. Wilmot and myself are, however, not accustomed to retire so early ; therefore we trust that you will go to bed, and leave us to follow at our leisure."

He spoke with so much decision that it probably did not enter Anthony's head to demur ; he bade the gentlemen good-night, and they presently heard him ascend the stairs. Mr. Granger thereupon closed the door, and seated himself once again at the end of the table, without volunteering the explanation that his companion did not ask.

The young man's first impulse had been to contradict his unbidden spokesman, and announce his intention of going to bed ; but surprise following close upon his new and deep emotion so overwhelmed him that he let the moment pass. Again, on Mr. Granger's closing the door he thought to speak,

but did not, and now sat by the fire incapable of addressing his strange companion, while love and expectation, mingled with some indefinable dread, took entire possession of his faculties.

But when the last footsteps had fallen on the floor above, so that the stillness of night became almost insupportable, Mr. Wilmot roused himself violently and, starting to his feet, stirred the fire with so much vigour that he at once broke the spell of the silence and of his own stupor. Turning then to where Ralph Granger sat with head on hand, absorbed in thought, he said :

"I have waited in vain for you to speak, therefore you must pardon my being so presuming as to ask why you have contrived that we should keep each other company this night? I am tired, and should be glad of your permission to go to bed."

Mr. Granger stood up and drew nearer.

"I am chilly," said he ; "pray make room for me by the fire, and seat yourself."

He then proceeded to warm his extremities, continuing presently :

"I have something to say to you. Far was it from my thoughts, when I first noted you among my fellow-passengers this morning, that a being so different to myself could prove in any way connected with my life. To say truth, though you are a pretty fellow, Mr. Wilmot, I am not so prodigiously enamoured of you ; no doubt" (and here, to his companion's astonishment, he smiled) "there is no love lost between us. So be it. You are handsome, a man of parts ; I have none. You are smart and gay ; I am dull and gloomy. There is as much difference in the cast of our minds as in the cut of our coats ;—you were born when the sun shone, and I at night. But destiny, whose hand is ever stretched above my head like a vast cloud hiding the face of heaven, has to-night turned the currents of our lives into one stream."

"What do you mean?" here interrupted Mr. Wilmot, not because he was totally in the dark, but because his companion's meaning had suddenly begun to dawn upon him.

"I mean," replied Ralph Granger, "that until this night my life had proceeded undisturbed by the baneful influence of woman ; and that, as far as I could interpret the confessions of your very simple face, you also love for the first time."

Geoffrey Wilmot flushed anew, his eyes grew soft and vacant, his parted lips trembled a little.

"You are right," said he ; "I have seen many a fair face,

but before to-day the sight of beauty never gave me pain. I love Rachel Pew."

"So do I!" replied Ralph Granger; and the two men sat awhile in silence, staring at the glow of the sunken logs.

"'Tis easy for two to love," continued the elder, "presently, but one only can possess. Why leave the issue to fate? We stand to-night on equal ground, and if one of us must die, it may as well be now."

Mr. Wilmot was no coward, yet for an instant the colour left his face. A precipice lies between love and the grave. His natural courage, however, returned immediately.

"I accept your challenge," said he. "We are doubtless both armed, Mr. Granger; but as my weapons—excuse me—are probably newer than yours, permit me to place one of them at your disposal."

He laid a case of pistols on the table. Fixing his gaze, now on the spot where Rachel Pew had stood, now on the door through which she had disappeared, he became wrapped in gloomy thought, and the light faded from his face.

Ralph Granger had meanwhile succeeded in opening one of the windows.

"'Tis a dark night," said he; "we can easily get out unobserved, and repair to some distant wood or field. The air is cold; be persuaded to put on your cloak."

His companion did so, as if in unconscious obedience, and both men were presently ready to go forth. Mr. Granger proceeded to get out of window; he had already one knee on the sill, when he heard himself abruptly recalled, and, turning, saw Mr. Wilmot fling the pistols back upon the table.

"This is murder!" cried he; "murder and no duel. We have no seconds—this is murder and no affair of honour! I will not follow you, Ralph Granger. I am not a coward, I do not fear to die; but I fear to shed your blood—Heaven forbid that the blood of either should stain her path,—bespatter those white feet! Our love may be different, but I know that mine is sacred, and shall not be defiled."

The young man's vehement outburst took Mr. Granger aback, and for a while he seemed undecided what course to take.

"Gads my life!" said he at length, "this is very fine! your sentiments, although not mine, are perfectly excusable. But tell me, pray, how you propose to settle this nice matter? We

both love, and both intend to win. Measuring your fervour by my own, I foretell that neither of us will calmly stand to see the other obtain her kindness ; and it seems in every way desirable that we should exchange shots thus early, since the longer we wait, the harder it will be to die and leave her. Therefore I beg that you will either make up your mind to follow me out, or suggest some other means of putting an end to our rivalry."

Mr. Wilmot remained silent ; turn the matter over as he would, he could in fact see no other course of action than that proposed by Ralph Granger. But while he stood thinking, his fingers chanced to toy with the handle of a drawer in the table beside him, which he inadvertently pulled open. It contained some cards and a solitary die. A sudden thought occurred to him ; he seized the bone and rolled it towards his adversary.

"Here," said he, "let this decide our fate ; he who throws the highest number shall bind himself to leave the house at day-break and cross the other's path no more."

Then he laughed, for it seemed after all a childish suggestion ; and Mr. Granger smiled ; but in spite of the careless way in which the proposition was made and received, both men paused awhile and fingered the plaything, with the same intent expression on their dissimilar faces.

Ralph Granger raised his head.

"Well?" said he.

"Well?" replied his rival.

"'Tis a good conceit enough."

"I think it is."

He clasped his hands behind his back and commenced pacing up and down.

"The one who throws the higher number—was it not so?—to leave the house at dawn and trouble the other no further. It seems a fair proposal."

"We can make it the lower number if you wish," suggested Mr. Wilmot, amicably.

"No no, no no—let us abide by the first design, which is ever likeliest inspiration. Then you are willing to respect the decrees of fate?"

"Certainly."

"Let us proceed."

The rivals drew chairs to the hazard table, and seated themselves at right-angles to each other. The fire was by this

time nearly extinguished, and the room growing cold. Mr. Granger shivered.

"What a bitter night!" said he. "The wind howls unpleasantly,—why, here now, I vow we have left the window open!"

Mr. Wilmot, who was sincerely glad of an excuse to postpone the contest, jumped up and closed the casement; but, as he did so, the blind-cord swung forward, and twisted itself round his neck.

"It seems," said he, "that I am trying to hang myself." And he laughed.

His companion rose to help him, then turned towards the hearth.

"What a change in the weather!" he remarked; "are you not cold?"

"A little," replied the young man; "maybe there is a drop of sherry left." But Anthony was a good drainer of bottles, so the gentlemen sat down as cold and unrefreshed as they had risen.

"Now," said Mr. Granger.

Raising the box between finger and thumb, he let the die dribble on to the table.

"Tray!" he cried, and passed it to his rival. Mr. Wilmot with trembling hand, whirled his bone along the cloth.

"Tray!" said he.

Their eyes met; without a word, but with tightened lips, they threw afresh, and an involuntary exclamation burst from both when again each in turn cast a three upon the table. They paused an instant breathless, and leant back.

"This is very strange," said Mr. Wilmot. His voice was unsteady. "Very strange indeed."

Silently as before they prepared to play again; their hearts were beating as hearts can only beat in the dead of night, and for an indefinable terror. Ralph Granger led as before.

"Tray," said he.

The young man wiped his brow, threw tremulously, and started to his feet.

"Merciful heaven!" cried Mr. Granger. "This is the hand of fate."

White and scared, the astounded men stood motionless, their dread increasing with the minutes. Mr. Wilmot was the first to pull himself together.

"This is very strange," he repeated, in a forced unnatural

tone, as if the sound of his own voice frightened him, which it probably did,—“What shall we do?”

“I cannot think,” replied his companion, and they fell to pacing the room restlessly.

“For heaven’s sake,” said the young man at length, “let us put our heads together, and unriddle the mystery as best we can! Has it occurred to you that this is the third of March?—or was, I should have said, since ’tis past midnight. There must be something in these threes.”

They seated themselves side by side, with their feet on the warm embers; and in the course of time arrived at the following remarkable conclusion. That Fate having led them thrice to throw an identical figure, it would be impious to try further. That since such was evidently the meaning of the portent, each should in turn be Rachel’s husband, the duration of his happiness limited by the fatal number. That, being agreed, they should cast the die once more, in order to decide which of the two should first possess the desire of his heart; the thrower of the higher number binding himself to disappear forthwith for the space of three years, at the end of which he should be at liberty to come forward and depose his rival. That a like amount of years having passed, he should in his turn vanish and leave his wife for ever.

Raising their hands to heaven, the strange companions swore to observe this compact and threw once more, showing a nine and the inevitable three, whereby Mr. Wilmot was designated the first husband of Rachel Pew.

“I remember my oath,” said the loser quietly, and went without a further word to where his cloak and hat lay on the floor. The younger man watched him in silence, his face glowing with the forethought of his joy. At length Mr. Granger, being ready, turned towards the window and opened it once more.

“Good-night,” said he, “make good my disappearance with our host. Remember me to the fair Rachel.” And holding out his hand, he added with a grim smile: “I wish you joy.”

Mr. Wilmot grasped the proffered hand amicably, but dropped it with a nervous laugh.

“Did you hear the clock?” said he; “surely, there must be something in these threes.”

“Maybe,” replied Ralph Granger. “A plague on the cold!” And, leaping from the window, he went forth into the night.

PART II.

Towards the close of an idle afternoon, Rachel Wilmot sat in a high arm-chair with her husband at her feet. This happened often enough, for every day was an idle day with them, bringing Geoffrey no occupation save that of adorning and amusing his wife, Rachel no duties save those of looking eternally pleased and pretty. However, the day in question was her birthday, which made the young husband more prone to adore; and Rachel was always at her best when she had received most presents.

Mr. Wilmot's arms were clasped round her slender waist, his eyes upturned towards her face.

"Rachel," said he, "you are strangely beautiful; more beautiful to-day I vow, beloved, than when I saw you first."

"Am I?" replied his wife. "I think I am not; there are some freckles on my nose."

Geoffrey laughed and touched them gently with his ready lips.

"They please me," said he; "they are pretty, they show me how fair your skin is, my white rose."

"'Tis a good thing you are pleased," remarked Rachel, jerking her curls aside, "but everybody may not think as you do."

Mr. Wilmot unclasped his arms.

"That was like you," said he; "do I talk of other people? What are other people—to us? O Rachel! Rachel! you do not love me. No matter, I love you; and I suppose that should be enough."

He rose and went sadly towards the window; there was a fine sunset, but his eyes refused to see the beauty of wood and sky, so he stood vacantly staring at a spider's web in the ivy that decked the sill. Presently he heard a light rustling sound behind him, and a little kiss fell on his cheek; Mrs. Rachel, whose head was commonly on a level with his heart, had mounted a neighbouring chair, and was atoning for the pain she had given.

"I do love you," she cried. "The night I saw you first, you and that other, I found you much the prettier gentleman of the two. And, faith, I love you still, though it is three years since then."

Geoffrey Wilmot turned pale,

"For heaven's sake," said he, "never speak to me of that man ! He is a mortal enemy ; may ten times three years pass before we hear of him again."

Rachel fell a-crying.

"How hasty you are, Mr. Wilmot !" she sobbed ; "you need not speak to me so."

He took the little creature in his arms, kissing her soft cheeks and childlike lips, then set her on the tall chair once more, returning to his place at her feet.

"Forgive me," he pleaded, "let us be as we were, let us be happy ; for we were happy, were we not ?"

Rachel shook her head in not altogether reassuring fashion.

"Yes," she replied, "only——"

"Only what ? Tell me at once, tell me, my sweet, that you need never say 'only,' again."

She would not ; the young man looked miserable.

"Were you disappointed with your new sack ? If so, you shall have another."

"No, no," said Rachel, "I like my nice white gown."

"The presents then ?—were they not fine enough ? I could find no larger pearls, dear one, and the rings can be changed if you will."

She still shook her head.

"Can it be the casket ?—I thought it would have pleased you."

"So it did," answered Rachel, brightening ; "but I had sooner the linings had been blue. You gave me one last year, a larger one, with pink linings."

And, setting her head on one side, she made a pretty little face.

"Angel !" cried her husband, "it shall be changed this very evening. There will be time for me to ride to town before supper ; but I must start at once."

Rachel slipped from the chair and threw her arms round his neck.

"Will you truly go ?—truly ?"

"Of course," he replied.

"O ! that is kind. But you will not lock me up this time, Mr. Wilmot ? Prithee don't ; 'tis my birthday."

The young man smiled, and passed his fingers through her curls.

"Pretty one, I must. You little know how dearly I love, and how I fear to lose you. You are too beautiful, my bird, to fly about when your husband is not by ; for your own safety, as well as for my peace of mind, the cage door must be closed."

He turned to ring the bell, but Rachel came and clung to him.

"Geoffrey," she murmured, "Geoffrey, my kind dear love, let me go with you! For three years you have not taken me beyond the garden gates ; I want to follow you through the wood, ride with you, and see the shops in the town. O! Geoffrey! let me come too."

He looked down at her beloved face, and shook his head sadly.

"No, precious one," he answered, "no, my sweet. Believe me, 'tis for the best."

Rachel let go his arm and stepped back a little, that she might see him better.

"I'll tell you the truth then," she cried, laughing ; "I am tired of you, Geoffrey,—tired of the little house and high-walled garden! I think that I might love you still, if you would let me out from time to time,—but to see only one face from year's end to year's end—O! it is horrible! . . . Geoffrey, I did not mean it—do not look at me so!—Geoffrey—I do love you and I sha'n't get tired of you I think, ever,—but, O! I do want to see the town!"

The young man stared at her aghast.

"Go," he said ; "tell your maid to wrap you well in a dark cloak. I will take you with me."

She looked up at him with mutely appealing eyes and hands ; but, colourless, he turned away and left her.

She found him presently awaiting her at the house-door ; he offered her his arm, saying simply that a chaise would meet them beyond the wood, and she took it trembling. His stern face frightened her, and she would have given much to recall her words. Only once she tried to speak, saying :

"It will rain to-morrow."

But he did not answer ; and if now and again he had not stooped to replace the shawl which kept slipping from her shoulders, she might have thought he had forgotten her.

The sky was black and densely covered, save that on the horizon the departed sun had left a blood-red streak. They could see this through the tree-trunks, but the wood seemed dark and lonely. Rachel timidly ventured to lay a second hand on Mr. Wilmot's sleeve.

"Are you tired?" said he.

"No," she replied; "I'm afraid."

Suddenly, she felt her husband's arm close tightly round her, and was aware that a man had emerged from the brushwood. He stood against the western sky, tall and thin, with a shock of unkempt hair. Clutching his wife's shoulder convulsively, Geoffrey Wilmot dragged her past the apparition, and, almost lifting her from the ground, fled hastily onwards.

But the stranger followed with equal speed, and presently confronted them.

"I fear," said he, "that I am either unwelcome or unremembered. My name is Ralph Granger; and I think we have met before."

Mr. Wilmot stopped short.

"I remember you perfectly," he replied. "Pardon me, this wood is dark, and I am short-sighted. My wife and I are bound on an errand; we hope that you will honour us with a visit some other day."

"There is no time like the present," objected Ralph Granger; "I have come some distance, and on a matter of business. With your permission I will push on to your house, and there await your return."

Rachel, who was still in her husband's protecting arms, had quietly slipped back her hood, and stood surveying her old acquaintance with considerable interest; perceiving which, Mr. Granger drew nearer, and became absorbed in the contemplation of her beauty. But Geoffrey took no note of this; he remained a few moments silent, then said:

"I dislike business matters; let us settle this as quickly as possible." And, turning suddenly, he began to retrace his steps.

His little wife ran after him, still clinging to his arm, and Ralph Granger followed at a distance. It was quite dark when they re-entered the garden.

"Rachel," said Mr. Wilmot, as soon as they were in the house; "go upstairs and remain there till I call you." He then led his visitor into a side room, and closed the door.

"So we meet again," remarked Mr. Granger, as he sat down. "This night three years ago I was disposed to envy you; I may now envy myself. Our fair mistress has, I perceive, improved in beauty; there may, when all's said, be some advantages left for the second spouse."

Geoffrey Wilmot came and stood before him, looking calm and strong.

"You are pleased to be merry," said he; "I cannot think that you are serious."

"Never more so," replied the visitor. "It is to-day the third of March; three years have passed—unless I and the calendar are much mistaken—since we parted company at the 'Nine Elms.' You have had your share of the bargain, and I claim mine."

Mr. Wilmot laughed as usual.

"Do you mean to say that you remember that foolish compact?"

"Certainly; and I gathered from the seclusion—I might almost say the concealment—in which you have lived since your marriage, that you remembered it too."

"I did remember it," admitted the young man quietly. "You are also right in supposing that I hoped to evade you; yet I never quite seriously thought that you would seek me. It is all very well for two men to fight over a woman, but when she has become the wife of one of them, the case is altered. I am now the husband of Rachel Pew, and in allowing another to take my place beside her, I should assist in breaking the commandments."

"I thought we swore," remarked Ralph Granger. "Are oaths not sacred?"

"Such oaths are not," replied Mr. Wilmot; "I should consider it a greater sin to abide by an oath so madly made, than to cancel it on returning to my senses. In short, I do not intend to keep it; and that ends the matter."

"I may use force," suggested the visitor.

"You dare not. I have the law on my side."

Mr. Granger here stood up.

"Who speaks of law?" said he. "This has nothing to do with ordinary justice. Gads my life! *We* made the law to which I hold!"

"Have a care, I pray you," interrupted Mr. Wilmot then. "This is a foolish discussion, a waste of breath. I cannot leave my wife, and I am sure you never truly thought I would. Let us part friends. The world is full of beautiful and good women; if you have a wish to marry, choose one who is not already suited with a husband."

Ralph Granger stood nodding his head almost imperceptibly, as if keeping time to a silent inward tune.

"Then you have spoken your last word?" said he.

"I have. You understand, the issue was inevitable."

The visitor looked up with his rare and pleasing smile.

"It will take me some time," he replied, "to find your point of view. We shall probably meet again. Meanwhile, I will bid you good-night. Make my excuses to your wife." And he vanished abruptly.

When Rachel heard the front door close, she slipped out of her room and seated herself at the head of the stairs, hoping that Mr. Wilmot would call for her; but he did not. Motionless, he stood in the room below, staring vacantly at his wife's tall chair. Her shrill laugh and cruel words still rang in his ears, piercing his heart at every repetition—

"I am tired of you, Geoffrey!—tired of the little house and high-walled garden!"

The young man's head fell on his breast; a scalding and uncontrollable tear rolled down his cheek.

"Rachel!" he groaned; "O!—Rachel!"

Then, the sense of his own weakness came to him; starting with an angered cry, he struck himself several times harshly on the chest, and made for the door, calling his wife. She came down timidly and stood away from him, clasping and unclasping her small hands.

"Rachel," said he coldly, "fetch me the box I gave you this morning. Do you hear? Fetch me that box."

The little creature hesitated yet a moment, then ran swiftly from the room, returning with the casket.

"Here," she said.

Mr. Wilmot took it from her and wrapped it carefully in paper. She watched his proceedings some while in silence, then said nervously:

"I hope you are not going out?"

"I am going to bid them change these linings, as I promised," replied her husband. "I regret that I must vex you, by locking you into this room. The candles will outlast me; I shall be back in two hours. Good-night, Rachel!"

She ran after him.

"Geoffrey," she whispered, "I have been naughty to-day; prithee forgive me!"

Mr. Wilmot looked down at her, his lips quivered.

"I will forgive you to-morrow," said he; and, closing the door, he left her.

Mrs. Rachel was unhappy. To begin with, she was sorely afraid of spending two hours alone at evening; further, since her husband had left her in such bad humour, it was unlikely that he would bring her anything in compensation for her imprisonment, as he was wont to do. She went to the window, and saw him ride away towards the wood. It was a dark night; for, although the sky was broken, a strange mass of leaden clouds masked the moon, like the outspread fingers of a giant hand. Rachel noted the resemblance and, shuddering, left the window.

"What shall I do?" thought she; "two hours; that is very long."

She drew close to the fire and amused herself for some while by looking at the flames through the jewels of her rings. Then, a little mouse scratching in the wainscot reminded her of her loneliness; she lighted every candle she could reach, peered cautiously into every nook, under table, couch and chair; after which she ensconced herself carefully in a corner of the room where nothing could get behind her, and fell asleep among a pile of cushions.

Sleep effaces time; and Rachel slept on, unmindful of the hours. The mice came out and scampered round her feet; the steady candles burned, until each little flame was drowned in a pool of wax. There was but one left to show the darkness when Rachel awoke and remembered where she was. Some one was knocking at the door. Stretching her cold limbs, she ran and clung to the handle.

"Is it you, Lucy?" she cried; "O Lucy, I was asleep, and the lights are going out! I am so cold, and so afraid."

Lucy was there, but many with her: all Geoffrey Wilmot's servants; and the bewildered Rachel found herself eagerly asked at what o'clock her husband had intended to return.

"I don't know!" she replied; "he said in two hours; surely it must be nearly time."

The men received this news in silence, and walked away with muffled tread. Rachel caught the sound of their departing footsteps.

"Lucy!" she shrieked; "Lucy, do not leave me! I am in the dark, and all alone. Stay with me, stand close by the door. Good kind Lucy! I was cross this morning, I am sorry, I will never pinch you again. O! stay with me!"

The patient little maid soothed her frantic mistress as best she could; but, suddenly, a clock struck in the passage, and then

Rachel knew that it was midnight, that something must have befallen her husband.

"He has left me," she cried; "left me to die in the dark! O prithee, Lucy! bid them come and break the door.—I can stay here no longer. Call for the men to come and let me out."

But there were no men to call, for every one had gone in search of the missing master. Rachel burst into tears when she heard this.

"Why must they go too?" she sobbed; "'tis enough that he should leave me." And she cried long and bitterly. At length, however, being tired of weeping, she begged her maid to sing to her through the keyhole, and fell asleep again, crouching close to her prison door.

* * * * *

Long and fruitlessly Geoffrey Wilmot's servants sought him, in the town, on the common, through the pathways of the wood.

"Let us go home," cried one at length, as they stood among the trees; "we have been up and down for three hours. Maybe he's back before us; maybe he'll come home to-morrow."

They would have returned there and then, but one of them refused.

"Fie!" said he; "and could we sleep with the master not found? Who knows but that he's lying within ten yards of us, could we but see him. The lantern throws no light, and 'tis a dark morning."

As he spoke, a cloud passed away from the face of the moon; the men looked up, and a cry of terror pierced the silent wood; for dangling above their heads hung the body of their master, by a noose slipped round his throat.

PART III.

One morning Rachel Granger awoke weeping. It was her birthday, and she knew that no one would wish her joy; she had nothing better to wear than her daily home-spun gown, no ornament save her wedding-ring. So she dressed herself sullenly and wept all the while, bursting into fresh tears each time she looked out of window and saw how the dreary house was wrapped in a cold, damp mist.

"Not even the day is kind," thought she. "Never mind, I will enjoy myself, I will vex him; he shall have something to be so monstrous stern about!"

Now, within the first year of their marriage, Mr. Granger had spoken to his wife as follows :—

"I forbid you to take heed of the third of March. Remember, madam, that in feasting your birthday, you also celebrate the anniversary of my unfortunate predecessor's most lamentable death. Let us have no further speech on the subject."

Rachel had twice obeyed him ; on this occasion she set about finding some truly provoking form of disobedience.

There was an attic under the roof where disused or useless things had been stored for generations, and whither her husband had banished the smart clothes that had adorned her in Geoffrey Wilmot's days. So she made her way along sundry dismal passages, up many a crooked stair, to this dark kingdom of the rats and spiders ; when bent on disobedience there was no terror she could not have faced. Picking her steps through a wilderness of rubbish to a chest that she knew was hers, she brushed off the cobwebs with her shoe, gathered her skirts together, and knelt before it. Alas ! white was white no longer ; grey with dust or brown with mould, her poor gowns looked but sadly. One by one she threw them out, till she came upon a silvered sack, the last Geoffrey had given her ; this she thought might be worn ; and now nothing remained but to find some knots of ribbon for her head.

The occupation was absorbing.

Meanwhile, Ralph Granger had returned from an early walk, the mist clinging to his grizzled hair. Finding his wife's breakfast untasted, he sought her in her bedroom and up and down the twisted house, till his steps brought him to the attic. Stealthily he approached the open door, and there, sure enough, was Mrs. Rachel, kneeling among the spoils of her past splendour.

Mr. Granger seldom laughed ; when he did it meant no good to those who heard him. He laughed now, right heartily, and his wife started to her feet with a loud scream.

"Gads my life !" cried he. "What now ? what next ?"

Rachel knelt down again ; she was frightened, but she was also naughty.

"The things are mine," she said ; "I am keeping my birthday."

"Keep it in some other way," replied her husband, "or keep your room. What, are your clothes so bad that you must hunt up this rotten finery ?—in which you looked like a puppet,

madam, whereas in your simple gowns those who do not know your heart might take you for an angel ! Will it please you to put those rags back where you found them ? ”

“ No,” said Rachel, “ I will do nothing of the sort ; I mean to wear my silken gown ; if not because it is my birthday, well then, because ’tis the day of Geoffrey’s death. He was good to me ; he would not have gone out a-walking on my birthday morning.”

Her words had an unlooked-for effect on Mr. Granger ; he tottered backwards, and leant against the worm-eaten door.

“ Merciful heaven ! ” cried he, “ you are right. It is the third of March ! ”

Mrs. Rachel tripped across the encumbered floor and looked up at him in amazement.

“ Are you ill ? ” she asked.

“ No,” replied her husband ; “ leave me—it will pass.”

Gladly released, the little creature ran downstairs and finished her toilet, arraying herself in the gay dress she had been at such pains to secure.

Half an hour later, Ralph Granger left the attic and went forth once more. His wife immediately stole downstairs and locked herself into an empty room on the ground-floor, where, opening one of the shutters, she thrust a portion of her handkerchief through a broken pane. The mist had scarcely lifted ; she could discern nothing beyond a few yards of mossy path, and the shadowy branches of a budless tree. Almost re-closing the shutter, she stood patiently peering with one eye through the chink, till she saw a boy emerge from the haze, and throw a light twig against the window.

“ O ! is it you ? ” cried Rachel, opening the casement. “ I thought ’twould have been your master. Why must I always wait for him ? I promise him I can brook it no longer. Nay, as you have a letter for me, I may forgive.”

The lad handed her up a small folded note, which she opened hastily, reading as follows—

“ MY DEAREST LIFE,—These plaguy fellows have smoaked my design and are upon me. My last farthing is gone—I am without resource. Were it not for thee, dear syren, that still lures me back to life, I scarce know but that I should not speedily remove myself from so unkind a world. In ten days, at latest, I expect succour from my uncle in the West ; meantime, an hundred guineas will relieve me. I dare not ask it, yet, if my Rachel’s tender bosom ever swelled at the thought of her

J.'s misfortunes, she will contrive to meet me under the Elm some time after midnight. Earlier, I dare not emerge. Help me, I implore thee, and, if need be, remember the little bottle.

"Your ill-starred, devoted
"J."

Rachel read this epistle twice through.

"Tell your master," said she at length, "that I will do as he bids." And, closing the window, she returned to her room.

Here she doffed the silken sack, and clad herself in her plainest gown; then she fetched from the depth of her wardrobe an old stocking tied up with string, and proceeded to count over what few coins yet remained of a carefully secreted and once considerable store.

"He has had all the gold," thought she, "and most of the silver. What can he do with seven shillings and three-farthings?" Jewels she had none to offer, for they were in her husband's keeping and she could not hope to find them. Yet, after all, they were hers to give away. She must be patient.

Mr. Granger did not return to dinner. Hour succeeded hour; the sickly day pined and died; for the first time since her marriage, Rachel fretted at her husband's absence and wished him home.

At length, when darkness had long set in, she heard his heavy footstep in the hall and went to meet him. He looked old and careworn; his clothes were stained with mud, his limbs drooped wearily.

"Ralph!" she cried, "O! are you home at last?" And she ran to meet him, like a child, with upstretched arms.

Mr. Granger caught her by the wrists and gazed into her face. This was not the Rachel he had left. Here, in homely gown, with gentle mien and loving gesture, he saw the wife of his dreams. Venting his emotion in a low cry, he caught her up and strained her to his heart.

"Rachel!" said he. "O beloved—forgive me!"

"Nay," she replied, as soon as he would let her, "I was naughty; 'tis you must forgive me."

She then led him to the dining-room, where supper was prepared, but insisted on his warming himself by the fire before he sat down to eat.

"Your fingers are like icicles, I vow," she cried, laughing. "You must let me warm them for you, Mr. Husband; my hands may be small, but they are nice and warm."

During supper she would not let him help himself in any way, nor suffer any other to wait on him ; but fetched and carried untiringly, to his speechless satisfaction.

"Come," said he at length, "sit down, thou dear butterfly, sit near. What a sweet end to so sour a day ! Poor child ! your birthday, is it ? women care for such things. How old are you, Rachel ?"

"Very old," she replied ; "I am twenty-four."

Mr. Granger shook his head as if incredulous, and smiled.

"Six years," he mused aloud, "six years since I first saw this face. Do you call to mind, my dear, how you waited on us then ? on me and—that poor youth ? Ah ! I divine your thoughts ; I speak of forbidden things, is it not so ? Maybe, love, because, having faced them all day, I have lost the sense of their terror. Yes, I was strangely moved by the young man's death. Why do you not bid me hold my tongue, eh, Rachel ?"

"Because," replied his wife, "you may do all you wish."

He smiled and kissed her.

"How can I reward thee," said he, "for being so dear ? Tell me, is it not customary for people to receive presents on their birthday ?"

Rachel flushed hotly.

"Yes," she faltered ; "I think it is."

"Then you shall have one, and something else too that 'tis said women love ; a secret, Rachel."

The little creature slid from her husband's embrace and clapped her hands.

"Tell me !" she cried, "prithee let me know it !"

Mr. Granger lighted a taper and bade her follow to his room. It was a small and gloomy apartment, lined with neglected books.

"Come," said he, "run your finger along that shelf, my love, so. Now lift the Hudibras, and press lightly, about three inches from the front. Nay—so."

Rachel did as he bade her, and shrieked with delight when a secret door sprang open, disclosing a small flight of ascending stairs.

"Your present is up there," continued her husband ; "mount, my dear ; you have nothing to fear."

The steps led to a small, close chamber, containing several chests and a curious cabinet, which Mr. Granger unlocked by means of a key taken from his pocket, one of a bunch.]

"These jewels," said he, "are all yours, Mrs. Rachel. Some were yours formerly, some were my mother's. When I am dead you may sport them all at a time if you will; not while I live. But I wish you now to choose some simple ornament that I will permit you to wear in remembrance of to-day. Take what you please, only,—let it not be too gaudy, my dear."

Rachel turned the gems over with unsteady hand. She did not like to ask which was the costliest. At length she picked out a ring richly set with emeralds, and he put it on her finger with a blessing.

"What might the chests contain?" asked she, as they prepared to leave. Mr. Granger, smiling at her innocent curiosity, selected another key from his bunch, a long key with a chased head, and opened the smallest coffer.

Rachel knelt before it in amazement.

"Gold?" she cried. "Can this be gold?"

Her husband pulled her gently back.

"Nay," said he, "do not touch it, my wife. It is money; let it not stain your sweet fingers."

So saying, he closed the chest once more and led her back to his room, where they spent the rest of the evening in quiet converse. Rather, he spoke, and she made believe to listen; but her mind was filled with thoughts of two things only: her ring, and the flight of the hours. Mr. Granger did not seem to heed the clock.

"Will he never be sleepy?" thought Rachel.

"Ralph!" said she at length, "it is growing late, and you look shockingly. You have walked too far to-day; will you not go to bed?"

A shadow crossed her husband's face.

"Nay," he replied; "not to-night. I—I have had dreams of late—I will not sleep to-night. But you, if you are weary, leave me, Rachel. If not, I pray you stay with me awhile."

And she answered, "I will stay."

It was now close upon midnight. The little creature sat motionless at her husband's feet, hoping, because he spoke no more, that he might fall asleep. And meanwhile she twisted her beautiful ring round and round. How it glinted in the fire-light! It was hard, very hard, to part with it so soon;—when all that gold lay useless.

"Rachel," called her husband, all of a sudden; "why are you sighing?"

"Because," answered she, "I fear that you are ill. It is bad for the health, so they say, to go without sleep. We have burnt the last log, and the servants are abed. You will be cold."

Mr. Granger stroked her soft curls.

"Kind heart!" said he; "I pray you do not fret. I—I am well. 'Tis but a passing fancy. Had you never one?"

"Why yes!" cried Rachel, gaily, "I have one now. I am thirsty and somewhat chilled. By your leave I will go down to the kitchen and make a dish of tea. Sure, you will take some, if 'tis there."

Mr. Granger said not otherwise, but insisted on going with her; and they were soon back with two cups and a steaming pot, to which he did full justice.

"Ah! my love," said he presently, "that was a good thought of yours. I feel better, stronger—more calm. Come, draw nearer; why so far, madam? Why sit there watching my uncomely face? So give me your hand,—little one. This is a happy night, Rachel, the happiest of my life . . . the happiest . . . of my life. . . . What was I telling you?—Egad! this is strange. I vow, I am growing sleepy. Do not take your hand away, give it back—do not leave me, my dear. . . . Ah! was it only for this? to fetch a cushion for my head? . . . This is pleasant. Come, your hand—and a kiss. . . . Thank you, I do not think I shall dream, to-night. . . . Stay near me—Rachel. . . ."

She did not stir, only with her free hand she tried to still the throbbing of her heart; her lips were drawn between her teeth. Then, when his breathing was low and regular, she softly unclasped his fingers.

He stirred in sleep.

"Rachel!" he murmured, "I may dream . . . stay with me . . . be near me when he comes."

* * * * *

Ralph Granger slept long and peacefully. But at length the dream he feared came to him. He thought that he stood in a dark wood, and saw a dead man hanging to a bough. The eyes of the corpse glared red, he heard the patter of approaching feet, and a strange unknown noise—chink, chink—what was it? He tried to run, but terror stayed his limbs. When at last with a mighty effort he shook himself free, the dead man's eyes became glowing embers that burned in his own grate. He was awake; and yet—the noise?—chink, chink—he heard it still.

Was he well awake? There stood the chair on which his wife had sat; there lay her cup, and his; there was the window, there the door, there—

"I could have sworn," thought he, "that I had closed *that* door."

A faint light shone down the secret stairs;—he was indeed awake. Some one had broken into his treasury;—that noise was the chinking of his gold!—Quick as thought he seized a pistol from the mantel-shelf and crept up.

"Thank God!" was his last thought; "thank God, she is not here!"

The thief did not hear his approaching footstep, and Mr. Granger, reaching the top of the stairs, saw that a figure darkly-cloaked knelt before an open coffer, counting out a heap of shining coins.

He raised his pistol: his aim was sure;—with a little cry his enemy fell dead among the scattering gold.

"So," said Ralph, "so. You will steal no more." And, stooping beside his handiwork, he turned it on its back. His eyes saw, but his brain did not comprehend.

"Rachel!" said he; "get up! I have killed a thief."

There she lay, white and beautiful, with her clenched hands full of gold. He understood; she was dead, and by his hand. A little slip of paper, now stained with her heart's blood, lay carelessly tucked into the bosom of her dress. He took it and read it;—then he knew all.

Without cry or groan he rose and went down into his room. The clock was nearly on the stroke of three;—Mr. Granger laughed. He took a short rope from the cupboard and re-ascended the stairs, closing the secret door behind him.

In the middle of the ceiling was a hook; to this, standing on a stool, he fastened one end of the rope, making a slip-knot at the other. Then he stooped and looked into the face of his dead wife.

"Poor youth," said he; "you are avenged!"

That was all.

Thrusting his head into the noose, he waited till the clock struck three, then kicked the stool from beneath his feet.

THE END.

Snakes.

I TAKE a middle position as regards snakes. I neither yearn for them as pets, nor shrink from them in horror. For the exceptional few the living snake may be a desirable pocket companion, a graceful armlet, and a sleek and slippery friend. But for the average majority of human folk the snake is positively repellent, a glittering foe, the sign and symbol of the evil one. For myself, however, though I do not care much for handling snakes, yet in their proper place in nature they exercise a subtle and not unpleasing fascination. I well remember how, one bright and sunny afternoon, on the basal slopes of Table Mountain, above Wynberg, in the Cape Peninsula, I came upon a cobra. He was gliding slowly and silently over a large flat slab of rock on which rested a great granite boulder. Evidently unaware of my presence, he took life easily, and I watched him for a while in silence. Then stooping softly I picked up a small stone and pitched it on to the granite slab just beyond the cobra. Instantly the creature was on the alert. The head was raised a foot or more from the ground, the hood was expanded, the gliding motion, before so slow, was quickened. Turning in its course it perceived me standing near. For a moment the head was yet further raised and thrown well back, while the hood was again fully expanded; and then he glided swiftly beneath the granite boulder and I saw him no more. I had never before seen a snake to such advantage. The setting of the scene was congruous. In the distance beyond the granite boulder lay False Bay, steeped in sunshine and backed by the clear-cut outline of the mountains of the mainland; around stood glistening silver trees and sweet-flowered sugar-bushes; above were the stern bastions of Table Mountain. But my attention was riveted by the glittering, fascination of the cobra. Admiration, not horror, held me. Even the killing instinct

forsook me, and I felt no desire to slay the timid but terrible creature.

My first experience of South African death-dealing snakes was somewhat different. One of my pupils brought me down in a large cigar-box a "ring-hals slang," a deadly and courageous snake not uncommon at the Cape, and turned him out on the *stoep* (verandah) for our delectation. He was a spiteful little fellow, with an ominous hood, dark glossy skin, and glistening brown eye. He struck viciously at the cigar-box held up before him, indenting the wood and moistening it with venom and saliva. I was particularly anxious to dissect out the poison-gland and examine the poison-fang of this snake, so my friend kindly presented it to me, replacing it in the cigar-box, which he tied securely. After examining the fastenings, I placed the box on the window-sill of my bedroom, which looked out into the *stoep*, and left it there for the night. Next morning I procured a large washing pan, big enough to drown a small python, placed the cigar-box therein, loaded it with a couple of bricks, and poured in water to the brim. I gave the ring-hals three good hours to get thoroughly drowned, removed the bricks, took out the box, gently cut the string, lifted the lid—and found that I had been drowning with the utmost care an empty cigar-box. It had been securely tied; and how a creature more than thrice the girth of my thumb had managed to escape was, and still is, a mystery to me.

I leave the reader to imagine the detailed search of every cranny of our bedroom, on which my wife insisted. For several days every boot had to be hammered with a stick before it was put on; I stood on a chair and shook every pair of trousers, and other analogous garments, lest they should be already occupied. But no ring-hals was forthcoming. And I suppose it must have been some three weeks afterwards that I was summoned to the kitchen to expel an unwelcome intruder—the black cook being, so far as her skin permitted, pale with terror—which proved to be none other than the missing ring-hals. I despatched him promptly, but not by drowning.

Both this snake and the cobra are often spoken of by the Dutch colonists of the Cape as the *spuug-slang*, or spitting snake, from their reported power of forcibly ejecting poison to a distance. This power is often questioned; but my friend the late H. W. Oakley, a careful naturalist and one who devoted much attention to snakes, assured me that he had himself seen

this power exercised. He was digging out a ring-hals from a hole into which it had glided, and, having unearthed him, secured the creature by holding him down with the spade about two or three inches from the end of his tail. Quickly he reared himself up, spread his hood widely and struck viciously at his captor, ejecting with great precision and with a smothered hiss some liquid which glistened in the bright sunshine like crystal. Mr. Oakley saw the fluid coming and threw his head backward; but some of it reached his chin and some fell on his coat. The fluid, he thinks, must have been ejected at least three feet.

My informant, who handled snakes fearlessly, demonstrated to my complete satisfaction that the poison will exude in viscid drops from the fangs of a puff-adder. He held the snake by the neck, and we could see the fangs erected and lowered. We saw, too, the gummy poison exuding from the opening of the poison canal. I subsequently made a similar observation on the ring-hals. We may therefore legitimately infer that some poison at least was mixed with the saliva the snake ejected. It used to be stated, however, that the venom is ineffective unless it be introduced directly into the blood-circulation. But Sir Joseph Fayrer distinctly states, as the outcome of careful experiment, that the poison is capable of absorption through delicate nervous membranes. When the poison of the cobra was introduced into the eyes of dogs, the symptoms of poisoning were rapidly and strongly, though not in all cases fatally, developed. I am therefore inclined to believe the statement of a worthy Dutch Boer (though at the time I confess I received it with scepticism), that a Kaffir on his farm had been blinded of one eye by the envenomed saliva of a large cobra which spitefully spat in his face.

Even after the death of a venomous snake the poison may exercise its fatal effect. One of the engineers of the railway which was then being laid through the beautiful Hex River valley, told me of a case in point. As not unfrequently happens, a puff-adder had been killed on the line. The creature had probably come to bask in the sun on the warm rail and the train had passed over it. My friend had noticed its mangled body as he rapidly descended the valley in a trolley. Next morning a barefooted Kaffir, who was pushing a trolley up the valley, chanced to step on the head of the dead snake. The venom-fang pierced his foot, and he died in a few hours. Here the creature had

been not long dead. But Sir J. Fayrer states that the poison may be kept for months and years, dried between slips of glass, and still retain its virulence. And the Bushmen are said to have mixed snake-venom with euphorbia juice and other matters for the poison with which they anointed their arrow-heads.

It is stated that the blood of an animal bitten by a venomous snake assumes poisonous properties. Frank Buckland on one occasion having seen a rat bitten and killed by a cobra, dissected off the skin to examine the wound. Having discovered the two minute punctures made by the poison-fangs, he scraped away with his finger-nail the flesh on the inner side of the skin which he had removed. Unfortunately he had shortly before been cleaning his nail with a penknife, and had slightly separated the nail from the skin beneath. When he had completed his rapid examination of the rat, he walked away, characteristically stuffing the skin into his pocket (what strange things, alive and dead, did those pockets often contain!). He had not walked a hundred yards before, all of a sudden, he felt just as if somebody had come behind him and struck him a severe blow on the head, and at the same time experienced a most acute pain and sense of oppression at the chest,—“as though a hot iron had been run in, and a hundredweight put on the top of it.” He knew instantly from what he had read that he was poisoned. Luckily he obtained ammonia and brandy, but was ill for some days. “How virulent therefore,” he says, “must the poison of a cobra be! It already had been circulated in the body of the rat, from which I had imbibed it at second-hand.” From the account that he gives, however, it seems at least possible, if not probable, that some of the poison was hanging about the wound unabsorbed, and had thus entered his system directly, and not, as he believed, indirectly.

After all that has been said and done in the matter we do not know very much concerning the venom of snakes. Its active principle has never been chemically isolated; nor is it by any means certain whether there is one poison or many. There seems, indeed, to be some difference between the physiological effects of the venom of vipers and of cobras; and since they belong to distinct groups some such difference might be expected. But Dr. Stradling goes so far as to say that there are many kinds of distinct virus, a view that cannot be accepted without further evidence and confirmation. The effects on the system are in all cases exceedingly rapid, causing intense pain and swelling of

the part affected, and in a short time giving rise to paralysis of the nerve-centres, and general exhaustion and collapse. Nor does there seem to be any specific and infallible antidote to the virus, though ammonia and permanganate of potash have been successfully applied in some cases. Dr. Stradling has tried on himself the system of inoculation, and he believes successfully. Stimulants, such as ammonia-water and alcohol, are given, not as specifics against the virus, but to excite the action of the heart, to counteract mental depression, and to prevent utter collapse; and it is probably to the stimulating effects of such herbs as *Aristolochia indica* that we must ascribe such value as they possess in cases of snake-bite. So-called "snake-stones" of charred horn and other porous materials act merely as absorbents. In case of snake-bite, therefore, the only practical thing to do is to stop the spread of the poison; not to trust to the subsequent administration of antidotes. Bind the limb affected above the bitten part, and tighten the bandage to the utmost; burn, cauterize, or excise the wound; administer stimulants to avert collapse, and subsequently diuretics to encourage elimination by the kidneys.

Even in England we are not quite free from danger from snake-bites, for, as is well known, the adder is a venomous snake. Some five years ago the son of a friend of mine was walking near a river in Surrey, and saw a snake in the grass. Under the impression that it was the harmless water-snake, he stooped to catch it, and was bitten on the forefinger. There being no ammonia in the house close by, he walked a mile to the chemist's, nearly fainting with the pain, numbness, and giddiness. Here he obtained some ammonia, and then fell down in a faint. Brandy was administered at intervals; he was got into a fly, and driven home, reaching the house "looking like death, with his extremities cold, and circulation nearly stopping." His arm was enormously swollen and he was in violent pain. This, however, after some hours abated, and the swelling began to go down, but had not entirely subsided for a week or more. Nor was it for some time that the patient fully regained his health and strength.

It is hardly necessary to state nowadays that the sting of a snake is neither in its tail nor its tongue. There are indeed some people so ignorant of natural history, that they could scarcely distinguish, without the assistance of a label, between a puff-adder and a bumble-bee. And by a natural confusion

of ideas they fancy that the venomous worm has its sting in the tail. There are a greater number, however, who believe that the sting is in the tongue. And this with more show of reason; for the forked and quivering tongue of the snake is constantly playing in and out of the mouth in an ominous and uncanny fashion. It is, however, a tender, delicate, and quite harmless organ, which can be retracted into a sheath in the lower part of the mouth, and which is highly sensitive as an organ of touch. It is probably not an organ of taste. Indeed, snakes would seem to be very deficient in this sense. A large boa in the Zoo, partially blind owing to her approaching change of skin, struck at a rabbit, and seized her blanket instead. She seemed, however, quite satisfied that she had secured her prey, constricted it, and very contentedly proceeded to swallow the dainty morsel. It was with difficulty that she was forced to disgorge her long flannel-sausage, which was scarcely recognizable from the abundant coating of slimy mucus from the salivary glands. The old writers thought that this mucous secretion was supplied by the tongue; and Bingley quotes an old observer, who states that a boa-constrictor, having caught and constricted a buffalo, was then "seen to lick the whole body over, and thus cover it with a mucilaginous substance to make it slip down the throat more easily," thus giving the boa credit for performing an operation which Mrs. Hopley aptly likens to whitewashing a ceiling with a camel's hair paint-brush. The tongue is neither a sting nor a lubricator, but a delicate organ of touch, and perhaps something more; for I cannot believe that the constant quivering of the tongue in and out of the mouth is purposeless—though what the purpose may be, unless it has some fascinating or mesmeric effect upon a timid victim, I cannot say.

I may here mention, in passing, the remarkable effect of nicotine on snakes. If a drop of the oil from a foul pipe be placed in the mouth of a snake the action is almost instantaneous. The muscles become set in knotted lumps, and the creature becomes rigid. If much is given, the snake dies; but, if a small amount only is placed in the mouth, the snake may be restored. This, as Mr. Oakley has suggested, may explain the stories of Indian snake-charmers being able to turn a snake into a stick. This feat is performed by spitting into the snake's mouth, and then placing the hand on its head until the reptile becomes stiffened. The effect may be produced by opium or some other

narcotic introduced with the saliva. They then rub the snake between their hands, restoring it again to its usual animation.

To return to the sting of snakes, it is neither in the tail nor the tongue. The death-dealing organs are the great poison-fangs. The fatal wound is a bite and not a sting. And among all the special modifications of snake structure none is more remarkable than the development of the poison-fang. In the harmless snakes there is a longish bone on each side of the upper jaw which may be armed with a dozen teeth or more. But in the vipers this bone is shortened to a wedge which bears only one great fang, though behind it there may be two or three reserve fangs, one of which will rapidly become attached to the bone, should the poison-tooth in use be broken. In all snakes the jaw-bones are but loosely attached to the brain-case. But in the vipers this fang-bearing bone is so hinged to its neighbours that, when the creature is not roused, the poison-tooth can be laid back in the mouth and protected by a fold of skin. Should the creature, however, be enraged, and the mouth be opened widely, its poison-fangs may be separately or simultaneously erected so as to stand out at right angles to the jaw. In the less-developed venomous snakes the curved fang is grooved along its anterior margin ; but in the cobras the groove has sunk so deep into the fang that it only opens by a narrow slit, while in the vipers and the ring-hals even this slit has closed, and there is a complete canal running from the base of the tooth to a slit-like orifice near, but not quite at, the point. Into this canal at its lower end opens the duct of the poison-gland, a deadly modification of a harmless salivary gland. In a fair-sized puff-adder I dissected, this was about as large as a bean. About half a drachm of clear gummy poison may be collected from a fresh and vigorous cobra.

Scarcely less terrible than the venomous fang of the poisonous snakes are the constricting coils of the pythons and boas. We may not now see the snakes fed at our London Zoo ; but the other day at the Antwerp Zoo I watched the pythons at meal-time. It was a painful sight, but most interesting. There were eight or ten snakes ; and about as many pigeons, together with a couple of young rabbits, were introduced. The poor things were timid and fearful, but their fear did not seem to be particularised. The pigeons perched on the gliding reptiles and seemed surprised at this world's instability. One little rabbit kept on nibbling at the skin of a sleepy old python, making it twitch. As for the

snakes, the way in which they silently glided towards their prey was cruel and relentless as fate. There was no hurry. They always had a bend of the lithe muscular body to spare for the final snap. The nose was brought close up to a pigeon, and the mouth began slowly to open. Perhaps the pigeon hopped away ; no matter—there was no need for hurry. The victim might escape for a moment, but fate is relentless and inevitable. Again the nose is almost touching the poor bird, the mouth again opens. Snap ! The pigeon is in those cruel jaws, the python's head is rapidly thrown back, and a coil of the lithe muscular body is thrown round the panting creature, the life of which is crushed out of it. Again there is no hurry. The pigeon has been dead some minutes, but the snake does not move. Then the mouth opens and the teeth are disengaged from the prey. The snake yawns half-a-dozen times and waits for a quarter of an hour ; he is not pressed for time. Then, beginning at the head, he slowly creeps outside his prey.

What a gape the creature has ! The skull of a cobra lies before me. From the tip of the snout to the back of the skull the length is an inch and a quarter ; but from the tip of the snout to where the lower jaw is hinged the length is more than an inch and three-quarters. The brain-case is an ivory casket of great solidity ; but the jaw-bones are loosely connected, and during life are capable of a good deal of motion. The two side-pieces of the lower jaw are, in the snake, only united in front by elastic tissue. Behind, they do not hinge on the brain-case itself, but on long supporting bones which jut out at the back of the skull, and these are capable of motion outwards, so as to widen the space between them. Not only are there teeth on the lower jaw and along the outer edges of the upper jaw in the python's skull, there are also extra rows of teeth implanted in bones which lie one on each side in the palate. The teeth are not for crushing, or tearing or chewing. They all slope markedly backwards, and are for holding the prey. Your finger will slip into the mouth of a small python easily enough ; but try and draw it out again, that is a different matter. The curved teeth are constructed to prevent that.

And so our python creeps little by little outside the pigeon. Now the upper jaw, now the lower jaw ; now one side, now the other, edges forward just a little—an eighth or a quarter of an inch. And every fraction of an inch gained is so much to the good ; the recurved teeth make sure of that. And now the

pigeon is halfway in, the python's jaws being distended to the utmost. But how does the creature breathe? Kindly Nature, who is no respecter of persons, and who has taken an infinity of trouble over this despised snake, has provided for this difficulty. The opening of the windpipe or glottis is not far back in the throat as with us, but projects forward into the mouth as a tube. And, while a python is swallowing its prey, the end of this tube may sometimes be seen lolling out of one side of the mouth, and opening and shutting as the snake breathes. In the python that I am describing, I just caught sight of it as the pigeon finally disappeared. When once through the mouth the pigeon passed down the gullet pretty rapidly. The whole process of swallowing occupied in this case thirty-four minutes; with an extra ten minutes of subsequent yawning.

The last of the victims to find a living tomb at Antwerp was one of the poor little rabbits. I watched a python again and again bring his nose near the friendless little rodent, but he skipped away a foot or so. Once the unsuspecting creature nibbled at the nose of the python, making it recoil in surprise. But at last there came the cruel snap, and there was a general exclamation of "*pauvre lapin!*" from the spectators. As I turned away from a sight most interesting but most painful, I saw a python rob another of a pigeon which it had partially swallowed. Seizing the leg of the bird, he jerked it away, drawing the other snake after it, and managed to throw a coil round the pigeon and the snake's head. The first python managed to free his head from the coil, but the procedure seemed to have taken away his appetite; for he relinquished his hold. It was not, however, until he had yawned his widest several times that he succeeded in freeing his teeth from the neck of the bird. Had it gone further, I doubt if he could have done so.

Pages might be filled with the "damned adaptations," as some might term them, of the snake to its peculiar mode of life. The vertebræ of the spinal column are exquisitely fashioned and admirably hinged. Each is articulated with its neighbour by a ball and socket-joint below, a wedge fitting into a cavity at the side, and above, on each side, oblique shelves, the even surfaces of which work smoothly on each other. Well may Professor Parker say that in all respects the articulation of the serpent's spine is so exquisitely perfect as to beggar all human invention of joints and hinges. Only just a little motion of joint on joint is allowed, each joint set to the other, so that nothing can part

them without crushing them entirely ; and yet there is permitted a most perfect and delicate motion of cup in ball, wedge in wedge, and of the oblique overlying facet on the oblique facet beneath it. All these are, moreover, harmonized together, so as just to allow a gentle bend of bone on bone, and a gentle rolling of vertebra on vertebra. Multiply by four hundred this limited motion, this arrested curve of a python's body, and you get a motion such as would, in its sum total, be sufficient to engirdle a luckless anatomist several times over. To the sides of these vertebrae are hinged the ribs. The next time you visit the Zoo, do not fail to notice how the snake walks with its ribs. There is no breast-bone in the snake, but the long and numerous ribs are connected by muscular bands with the broad transverse scales which characterize the belly of the serpent. These scales form large scraper-like plates, the edge projecting backwards. Thus we have an admirable set of rib-levers, with the scraper-like plates at one end and the vertebrae of the spine at the other. The scraper readily slides over the ground forwards, but catches on being drawn backwards. It bites on the roughened surface of the ground, and by the movement of the rib-levers the body is drawn forwards. Such is the mode of progression on a plane surface. Through the grass the snake progresses by swimming, with a sinuous motion of the body from side to side. Even on a plane surface the snake will adopt this sinuous motion if frightened, and, though it does not much aid progression, it makes the creature difficult to catch.

It is largely with the aid of its ribs, as I once had an opportunity of observing, that the snake is enabled to walk out of his skin when he wishes to change his coat. Once a year or oftener does he cast aside his old dull garment, and step forth radiant in his new finery. I shall not readily forget the beauty of a coral snake I saw in Brazil under these conditions. The old skin, which is moist and pliant, folds back as the snake slips out of it, so that, when we find the cast-off garment, it is turned inside out. In the rattlesnake the hinder bones of the tail are peculiarly shaped, and when the creature slips out of its coat the skin which covers these bones is not shed, but remains adherent at the end of the tail. Each successive moult leaves an additional adherent tail-cap of dried skin, and these constitute the rattle. The purpose of the rattle is not well understood. Providence, Mr. Bingley says, has given to mankind a security against the rattlesnake's bite ; for it generally warns

the passenger of its vicinity by the rattling of its tail. But we cannot to-day accept this solution of the difficulty. Possibly the sound strikes terror into its victims, which are thus partially paralysed by fear. We do not know much about the so-called fascination of snakes. But is hypnotism or mesmerism yet thoroughly understood?

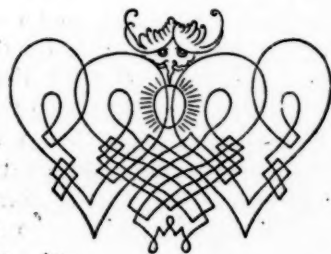
It is a curious fact that monkeys, who have an intense instinctive dread of snakes, would seem from experiments in Zoological gardens to be strangely attracted to them. An American observer, Mr. A. E. Brown, coiled a dead snake in a newspaper, so as to be easily capable of coming loose, and set it on the floor of a cage containing a great variety of monkeys. It was instantly carried off by a leading spirit; but in a few seconds the paper became unfolded and the snake was exposed. The monkey instantly dropped it and went away, but with a constant look behind. The other monkeys, perceiving the snake, approached, step by step, and formed a circle round it six or eight feet in diameter. None approached it except one Macaque, who cautiously made some snatches at the paper. At this moment a string which had been attached to the snake's tail was gently pulled; the monkeys fled precipitately, with great chattering and screaming. Some time after they gradually returned to their former position; and they continued this procedure for some hours, showing both intolerable fear and a strange attraction.

My allotted space is already fully occupied, and there are many matters of interest concerning snakes which I must leave unnoticed. Fiction and fancy have so long played around the snake that it is often difficult to disentangle fact therefrom. It is said, for example, that maternal vipers, puff-adders, and rattle-snakes will, in the presence of danger, open their mouths and allow their little ones to find an asylum of safety in their gullets. What are we to say about this? It sounds strange and unnatural; but it is so strongly vouched for, even by competent observers, that one hardly likes to repeat at one's leisure concerning these people the somewhat sweeping accusation that David is reported to have made in his haste.

I cannot discuss the matter here; but I must beg for one paragraph in conclusion concerning the strange egg-eating snake of South Africa, the *Eiger eter* of the Dutch colonists. This subsists mainly or entirely on eggs. And since the ordinary toothed jaws would be an obvious disadvantage to the species,

since they would break the egg and much of the contents would be spilled, the mouth is almost or quite toothless. But in the throat sharp, hard-tipped spines project into the gullet from the vertebrae of the spine in this region. Here the egg is broken, and there is no fear of losing the contents. The shell is rejected through the mouth. Concerning a species of this snake, Mr. Hammond Tooke has recently drawn attention to a fact noticed by Mr. Oakley. It mimics the berg-adder, a cousin of the puff-adder. The head has the elongated form characteristic of the harmless snakes. But, when irritated, the egg-eater flattens it out till it has the usual viperine shape of the "club" on a playing-card. It coils as if for a spring, erects its head with every appearance of anger, hisses, and darts forward as if to strike its fangs into its foe, in every way closely simulating an irritated berg-adder. The snake is, however, perfectly harmless and inoffensive. This is only one of the wiles of that incarnate arch-deceiver, the serpent.

C. LLOYD MORGAN.



On being Ordered Abroad for the Winter.

A THREE-CORNERED ESSAY.

ON comparing the impressions of one's youth with the state of things at the present time, it seems to me that the blessed art of making things pleasant all round has made considerable progress among the professors of medicine. They loom through the twilight of youth like so many *carnifices*, administering the frightful bolus, and, like Bob Allen, prepared to bleed you, on the slightest provocation. But now they prescribe very pleasant things, and they do so in the most genial and pleasant way. The only drawback is that the treatment suggested is frequently quite impracticable. Their advice is like the advice to the small boy to go in and win, to which the small boy has no possible objection, if he can only overcome the stronger fists of his adversary; or it is like the ironical saying of Mr. Justice Maule, in sentencing a man for bigamy whose first wife, and a very bad one, had run away from him, that it was the duty of the pauper to have had a Divorce bill passed through the House of Lords. I know several worthy parish doctors who tell the agricultural labourer that he requires a generous diet, with port wine and quinine. Where Hodge is to procure this treatment, except from the over-burdened parson, is not stated. Similarly, if a professional man, whose time is his estate, who is chained to his business, whose children fasten him to home as the Lilliputians fastened Lemuel Gulliver to the ground, should visit the enlightened British physician, under certain circumstances, the great man feels bound to prescribe to the patient that he shall go abroad for the winter.

You go to see the great man for the purpose of obtaining his advice. And it is not always so easy to behold him. Sometimes there is a run upon a particular doctor, who is the fashion,

and whom everybody wants to see. And it is not a bad thing to be a fashionable doctor, if only for this reason, that when the West-end patients go away from town the doctor may go abroad, and partake of the remedy which he prescribes to other people. Sir Henry Holland, in his 'Autobiography,' said that he always took three months' holiday, and, rather than sacrifice any of it, heroically determined that his practice should never exceed five thousand a year. Such cases of professional modesty occur but rarely. Another celebrated physician, Dr. J. C. B. Williams, who has also published his 'Autobiography,' and who has sent legions of people abroad in his day, has practically carried out his own prescription by spending the evening of his days on the Riviera. It is sometimes, I was saying, a difficult thing to tackle the great physician when there is an irrational run upon him. There was, some time ago, a doctor whose morning levées were crowded beyond description. It was his pride and boast that he could feel his patient's pulse, look at his tongue, probe at him with his stethoscope, write his prescription, pocket his fee, in a space of time varying from two to five minutes. One day an Army man was shown into the consulting-room, and underwent what may be called the instantaneous process. When it was completed the patient shook hands heartily with the doctor, and said: "I am especially glad to meet you, as I have often heard my father, Colonel Forester, speak of his old friend, Dr. L." "What!" exclaimed the doctor, "are you Dick Forester's son?" "Most certainly I am." "My dear fellow, fling that infernal prescription into the fire, and sit down quietly and tell me what's the matter with you."

I may candidly say that I don't believe my own story, and, in fact, regard it with reprobation. I have known distinguished physicians spend an hour or two over a hospital case, when the diagnosis has been a difficult one. I expect that all our ailments are for the most part extremely vulgar, and that a doctor can read us off as the experienced reporter does so much shorthand. If you want to see the great doctor, you must write and ask for an appointment. If you omit this form before calling, it is quite possible that you may wait three or four hours and miss him, after all. You may get a fine view of his back as he hurries to his carriage, perhaps munching a sandwich in order to sustain him on his round of visitation. You will perhaps observe on the mantelpiece a card stating that the fee for a first visit is two guineas, and for every subsequent visit a guinea. Some phy-

sicians conscientiously prefer receiving two guineas for each individual visit. There is another fee, however, which many of our physicians constantly receive, and that is—nothing. There is no body of men so persistently generous and self-denying in the matter of fees as English medical men.

Your name is written down on a slate and you are shown into the waiting-room. Perhaps you recognise this waiting-room as the physician's dining-room, and possibly in happier hours you have reposed your legs beneath that solid mahogany that is now strewn with books and periodicals to beguile the tedium of waiting. How the moralist might muse on the metamorphoses of the apartment! It is here that the light joke passed from the lips of the wit, and the slender foaming champagne glass was raised to the lips of the beauty, and the traveller brought back his strange stories from far regions of Asia or Africa, and the statesman unbent from the anxieties and telegrams of office. This wan wintry morning, when the gleam of cold sunshine hardly wanders in, it is difficult to recall the light and festivity of the evening hours. In the comparison we waiting patients seem like a set of poor ghosts, shivering on the shores of Acheron. Of course the worst of the patients are not here; they are tossing on uneasy couches, and the good doctor will have to visit them at their own homes. There is a line of utterly unknown authorship which Dr. Johnson was very fond of murmuring to himself:

"Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things."

To-day the brilliant party and to-morrow the waiting-room of the consulting physician. I was going to add, for the sake of the antithesis, to-day "the foaming grape of Eastern France" and to-morrow the "bolus," only I remember that, in these days of making things pleasant all round, the doctor frequently "exhibits" champagne as a remedial measure. Indeed, I have known one medical man of enlightened and cheerful views who prescribed a table-spoonful of brandy to be taken in a glass of champagne every three hours, a prescription to which the patient gave respectful submission.

What curious scenes these consulting-rooms have witnessed! I have known of men who have gone in very heavy-hearted, believing that they were suffering from every direful symptom known in the books, and have come back excessively happy, being assured that their fears were all mistakes and illusions. On the other hand, there are men who have made their calls,

feeling assured that they are safe and sound, and have simply received sentence of death, and that within a very short time. A very pathetic story is told by Darwin in the life of his grandfather, Dr. Darwin of Derby. One day a patient entered the consulting-room of a London physician and detailed the symptoms of his illness. It was an obscure and difficult case, of a kind that was only imperfectly understood, and the London doctor confessed himself fairly puzzled. He could only say that the patient was in a most perilous state. "There is only one man in England who understands the disease," said the London doctor—"who understands cases of this sort, and you should go and consult him. It is Dr. Darwin of Derby." "Alas!" was the answer, "I am Dr. Darwin of Derby."

As we sit and wait, the attendant glides into the room and from time to time beckons one of us away. The odd thing is that none of us look at all ill; but in these days the doctors say that looking well has nothing at all to do with things. Still we are shy and reserved, and a little anxious, and I notice that any well-meant attempt to open a conversation generally collapses. I suppose we are all more or less hopeful as we have been able to make our way to this trysting spot. Then we go into the doctor's private room—his sanctum, his confessional, where at times very strange confessions are heard, and also with no power of absolution. If you offend against the laws of Nature, Nature will give you no forgiveness. As Professor Huxley says, Nature does not give you a word and a blow, but she gives you the blow at once, and you must find out the meaning. You must be very clear and explicit during those precious moments of conversation. The man is a fool who prevaricates with his doctor or lawyer, and yet doctors and lawyers have found such fools in their experience. The doctor hears all you have to say, and brings out a lot of facts you had never thought of, and regulates your diet, and probably puts you on the oil of the liver of the cod, and finally sums up the case by saying, "You must go abroad for the winter."

You hear the sentence, and you go down to your club; and as you walk along the streets you ruminate on it. You are rather dazed to think you will be surrendering your club, and your customary chambers, your favourite places of call, the haunts and retreats you have made for yourself. You are not likely to find abroad so good a club as your own, or indeed any club at

all. As the old friends drop into reading-room or smoking-room you endeavour to gather up their impressions and experiences for your own profit and use. But not much is to be gained this way. Your friends speak of a place as they have happened to find it, either *en bon* or *en laid*. If they have been pleased with the place you ask about, they extol it extravagantly ; if they happen to have been cheated at their hotel, they probably inform you that it is an "infernal hole." The rebellious thought occurs to you that you will give up the idea and not go at all. You will change your doctor until you find some enlightened physician who will advise you to stay at home and follow your own sweet will. You say that at your time of life you must either be a fool or a doctor ; forgetting that a combination of the two is perfectly possible. If you must change your doctor, you would not have to go so far before meeting a superior man whose opinion may coincide with your own. Still, after all, you own a difficulty in going against your regular doctor, who knows your constitution and has helped you on honestly and ably all these years. In fact, the doctor is the one absolute power left in the country, and imposes on your scarce-resisting conscience the dogma of his infallibility. He has prescribed to you a place, and he is graciously willing to listen to anything you have to say on behalf of any other place you may prefer. Of course, the upshot is that you surrender yourself entirely to that Protestant Pope, your doctor. He kindly advises you the best way to travel, and gives you an introduction to the local *medico* who will understand your case, and dismisses you with his best wishes and a final prescription as a *viaticum*.

As you think of your engagements and responsibilities, and the heavy expenses, the prescription seems almost an impossible one. You might as soon be ordered to take a voyage to the moon, or make a tour among Jupiter's satellites. But there are no limits to the powers of human contrivance, and as you settle steadily to the idea, things seem to adjust themselves, and your way opens ; and if things do *not* adjust themselves and the way does *not* open, this, too, may be for the best. The southern sea-board of our own country for many people is quite as good as going abroad. That sea-board is so good that Italian physicians have actually sent their patients to Penzance. Hastings, Ventnor and Torquay interpose their screen of hills against the unfriendly east wind. There is many a sheltered cove, unknown to fame, because unsung

by any poets, which means in this case unrecommended by any physician. And that high temperature of the sunny south has sharp alternations of hot and cold, from which we are saved in our own country. Moreover, England is the land of organized comfort, and many people who go abroad with limited means and very little knowledge of the language, and very little society, English or foreign, lose more than they can get any compensation for. On the south coast the treatment of invalids has become a positive science, and all other interests seem subordinate to them. It is a curious fact that in these days asthmatic patients are sometimes ordered to London, the London smokiness, which, when pierced by the sun's setting rays, gives such wonderful effects, being thought to possess great value in many cases of asthma. So before you allow yourself to be ordered abroad, make quite certain that you will not be better off at home.

The great region for England's invalids has always been the southern sea-board of Europe. Thence they have spread to Algiers and to Egypt and the happy islands of the far Atlantic. There was a time when the voyage to Australia was highly recommended. The sea voyage is no doubt an extremely good thing, both on account of the iodine and ozone of ocean, and also because one is enabled entirely to escape the winter. But the climate of Australia itself is very doubtful. Some American writer strongly advocated a prolonged stay in the mammoth cave of Kentucky, but the notion never took root. I imagine that, where there is a good staying-power, a sojourn among the Rocky Mountains would be likely to be more effective. There has been a great run on some of the Pyrenean watering-places, such as Eaux-Bonnes on the French, and Panticosa on the Spanish side. But from what I have seen of them in my visits, I am very distrustful of any good effect. If I am to go to any of the remoter places it is necessary that I have some costly interviews with the army of tradesmen, not to mention seeing a lawyer, making a will, and coming to an understanding with an insurance company. But if I am only visiting the fringe of the Mediterranean, barring the fatigue of an overland journey, it is little more than going out of one room into another. When men have been ordered abroad on military service, or have often gone immense distances in search of big game, there has often been the happiest effect on worn organs and debilitated constitutions.

It may be interesting and perhaps not without use to notice the vagaries and varieties of taste in winter resorts. For many people it is the constant object of interest to find out some new climate and invent some fresh health-resort. People do not go now to Montpellier and Lisbon as they used to do, but perhaps the ancient reputation of those places will revive. Most of the modern favourites are the result of sheer accident. Lord Brougham being turned back from the Italian frontier, discovered Cannes, where he is rightly esteemed the founder of the place. Ruffini's lovely story, 'Dr. Antonio,' is thought to give the veritable history of Bordighera. One or two watering-places are being opened up on the Spanish coast, especially one at Huelva, which has a delicious climate, but is in the neighbourhood of a large mining population and wants the accessories of an Anglican service. The most remarkable effort in this way is bringing the Canary Islands forward as a winter residence, and a great deal has been done in the way of cheap fares out and home, and also hotels and services. Mrs. Stone's recent large work, 'Teneriffe and its Satellites' is a perfect mine of information on the subject. There are reasons, however, which this season are hindering the flow of immigration. The people of Madeira are somewhat fearful that the new resorts may overshadow their established reputation. There is probably also a very good case to be stated on behalf of the Azores islands. Of late years there has been a great tendency among bronchial patients to spend the winter in travelling in India. Moreover, as "globe-trotting" becomes the predominant amusement, the voyage round the world becomes established on hygienic principles, so as to insure the best climatic changes. It is obvious, however, that such very extended travels will hardly suit genuine patients, but pre-suppose a large amount of constitutional strength.

It will be seen, then, that those who are ordered abroad have the widest possible selection; in fact, it may be said of our invalids,

"The world was all before them where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

It must not be supposed that being ordered abroad for the winter is necessarily a gloomy affair. Many of the health resorts are especially fashionable, Cannes being the gay metropolis of the Riviera. Some people repair thither on the faintest

shadow of valetudinarianism. Some go to recruit after the labours of the law term or the Session, and others in pursuance of a policy of precaution. Many will frankly say that they go entirely and avowedly for the sake of the amusements. Mentone is the place to which the real invalids mainly resort. Monte Carlo, of course, is a place which has a most delicious climate, and the most exciting amusements. Unfortunately, the combination of the two is not the most healthful for the invalid. Nice has all the attractions and conveniences of a gay, bright city. But we must avoid the temptation to give a *catalogue raisonné* of the many sunny spots along that enchanting sub-tropical coast. There are some families who select a lonely sea-girt castle or a mountain *palazzo* for hibernation, apart from the presence of crowds. It is also to be remembered that a whole family and their *entourage* often go abroad for the sake of a single invalid, to whom, on the "making pleasant" principle, amusement and change and society are especially prescribed; so that the wide region which we may call "Pulmonaria" is practically one of a very lively character, *exceptis excipiendis*, and of late years has been found extremely fertile in giving materials to the artist and novelist.

Many of us would bear with most Christian resignation a sentence of banishment that sends us to such a lovely climate. We have perhaps murmured to ourselves the words of the poet—

"And I would see before I die
The palms and temples of the south."

Change is the great natural alterative. "If you cannot change your country, change your town; and if you cannot change your town, change your room; and if you cannot change your room, change your furniture." This, I think, was Sir Henry Halford's famous saying. There is no doubt a healing, vivifying effect in change, if we do not fall into the error of trying it when too late. But you are not really bound to any particular region. You may spread the map of the world before you and choose your own place of retreat.

When you are distinctly ordered abroad, one of the first things to do is to resolve yourself into a committee of ways and means. It makes a great deal of difference whether you are a bachelor or an excessively married man; whether, when you put on your hat you cover your family or whether you have a tail as long as a comet's. It is a very simple calculation whether you go

en garçon, living a kind of ideal existence—coming, going, and staying as you like—or with half-a-dozen, a dozen, or a dozen and a half in your train. In the latter case you simply multiply your own expenses by the number of the party, and you get the product desired—or undesired. The servants will be a little cheaper, but then the ladies will be a little more expensive, so the result will be very much as I state it. Only, in the latter case, the luggage assumes very serious dimensions. In the interest of railway porters—for whom, in these days of missions, some people have a very special interest—let me drop a word of advice by the way, and recommend the big boxes that run upon little wheels. They will immensely lighten the labours of those who are at times idle enough, but at other times are immensely overtaxed. Porters and waiters are sometimes treated as if they were natural enemies, but as the unfailing companions of one's travels they have a claim upon us. I remember at a big hotel in Paris we missed one of the waiters who had gone away with chest complaint. I knew a man there, who, in distributing doles to the servants, directed something to be taken to the sick man's home. I remember the buzz of excitement that ran through a circle of amazed waiters at this token of sympathy for their order. Once when I pointed out to a friend the large space which this item filled in his expenses, "My dear fellow," he replied, "that was the money best spent of all."

The question of climate is a much more difficult question than might be supposed. A physician orders a patient abroad to a particular locality, and the locality may have half-a-dozen climates, according to such matters as these—whether the residence is above or below the cliff; whether it has a northern or southern aspect; whether it is sheltered or not by woods and cliffs. Very often a patient goes to the climate that is diametrically opposite to the one that is fitted for him. I have heard a great physician groan over the perversity of his patients in selecting wrong sites. So many and so constant are the chances that we all have of blundering. By a mysterious Providence, there are many people who when they have a right and a wrong presented to them, invariably choose the wrong, especially if it is a very important and crucial occasion. The great controversy of recent years has been one on the respective merits of the warm and the cold climate. Formerly a consumptive patient was treated like a hot-house plant. He was, so to speak, hermetically sealed up. If he were a hopeful

patient he was sent to one of the more bracing places of the south—but to the south he must go. Almost accidentally a new way of thinking rose up. There was a man whose death-warrant was considered as sealed because he was ordered to the far north; and contrary to all sound opinion he recovered. People who were sent to Dartmoor as to the grave were found to be greatly benefited. Indeed, it is popularly said that no one born and bred on Dartmoor ever was consumptive. There was a very sensible Member of Parliament who, instead of going to the Riviera, went to the Ural Mountains and made a good recovery. It is found that no consumption exists beyond a certain altitude in the Andes, and consequently South American patients go to the Andes. The last theory is that the extreme cold kills the *bacilli* that are supposed to cause the lung mischief. The result of the theory in Europe is, that not only do we have the lofty health resorts of Davos and the Engadine, but mountain sanatoria are becoming increasingly common, and patients will even brave the climate of Switzerland in the winter and dwell among "the towers of silence." It would be quite possible to give an equally favourable account of the good effects wrought in the southern latitudes. It is here that the art of the physician and the wisdom of experience come into play. It is very noticeable how in these days medical men visit in succession the different health resorts which they may have to recommend to their patients. A doctor told me the other day that he had been out hundreds of times to the Riviera. It is not to be supposed that this is simply done for the interests of climatic science, but to pay a visit to a patient, for which call five hundred pounds is not an uncommon fee. Still, medical science has very accurately registered all the facts and phenomena that afford a sure basis for conclusions. Every patient is as a new book to a doctor, who will advise for the best in each several instance. Patients may have the satisfaction of knowing that they are facts in a wide induction, that their cases are registered and tabulated, that they are making or marring the reputation of health resorts, and that they are helping gradually to build up a science of health in such matters.

Sometimes, when a patient has found a locality abroad that suits the case, it becomes impossible to live in any other. This is curiously seen at Davos Platz. The population is entirely made up of invalids. They go to Davos and get decided benefit, and if they stay away from Davos they decline and die. The

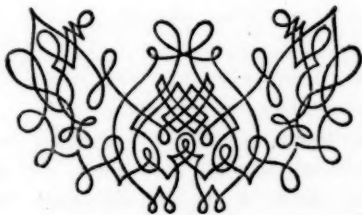
industrial Germans, understanding that this is the case, set themselves carefully to work to find means of earning a subsistence in the place. They are shop-keepers, porters, domestic servants, lodging-house keepers—in fact, in every variety of occupation they manage to subsist in this climate that suits them. The fear is that the narrow Landwasser valley will become too crowded, and spoil that pure bracing air; and we are afraid that the new railway from Landquar bodes no good to it. A charming book recently published, 'Three Generations of Englishwomen,' records a very similar instance. That brilliant and beautiful woman, Lady Duff-Gordon, fell a prey to the disease which seems specially to single out the brilliant and beautiful. She tried many climates, and at last found one that suited her in a Theban palace on the Upper Nile. Again and again she tried to leave the borders of the desert, but was always driven back. She tried to revisit her native land. She went to Syria and to Cairo—there was no help for her anywhere else. For when she had left Luxor for Cairo, then she died. Many a man who is ordered abroad finds a new country, and strikes his root deeply into the new soil. Thus I have repeatedly met with old Indians and Australians who have looked forward for years to their English home; but, without knowing it, they have become so strongly acclimatized, that they are restless and dissatisfied till they go back to India or Australia.

A Chancellor of the Exchequer once said in the House of Commons that any honourable member might imagine that he had seven or eight sovereigns of his own in his pocket, but that one of these sovereigns was sure to find its way into the national exchequer. Now there is a very unpleasing analogue to this. Whenever you find seven or eight people in company, you may venture to say that one of them is sure to fall into the hands of the doctors for *malaise* of the respiratory organs. One-eighth of the mortality of these islands is due to phthisis, bronchitis, laryngitis, *et hoc genus omne*. It is the national shadow and bane. There are some cheering points in this unhappy state of things that attest the progress of medical science. The duration of consumption, that used to be two years, is now ten years, and in its earlier stages the illness is now held to be curable. Many therapeutic agencies have been discovered, but the favourite prescription of all is to go abroad for the winter. Our subject has a sadly wide area of interest.

As I write these lines the winter sun is invisible, the earth is

shrouded in fogs and vapours, the unfriendly east wind is sending forth its assassin blasts. It is wonderful to think that it is possible, with the aid of steam, to pass beyond zone and zone of land, beyond belt and belt of sea, to those lovely regions "by the bluest of seas, and beneath the bluest of skies." This was the scenery that Goëthe had in mind when he wrote Mignon's song of the wildernesses of olives, the groves of orange and citron, the marbled terraces on the water, and the paths among the mountains. At the present moment multitudes of our countrymen and country-women are forced to leave those loved shores that have proved inhospitable to them, in the hope that kinder Nature may heal their hurt and attune both body and mind. In the words of the pathetic old phrase, "The Lord send them a good deliverance." May they have a prosperous return, with the swallows, to their native country. And it may be well for them also if they take the wings of the morning, and seek a still better country. Even Lucretius could speak of those who are sated with life's banquet and can retire satisfied from the feast. And we can do better than that. There was a good man who after a long day's prosperous study would rise up devoutly and say grace over his books. So let us say grace cheerfully over life's good and great things, and look to see still fairer scenes in "the light that never was on sea or shore," even those new heavens and that new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

F. A.



The Reproach of Annesley.

BY MAXWELL GRAY.

AUTHOR OF "THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND."

"Give me the man that is not passion's slave."

PART IV.—CHAPTER VI.

PREDICTIONS.

MRS. ANNESLEY, more majestic than ever in her heavy crape draperies in the cool gloom of her solitary room, received her guest with mournful benignity.

"How good of you to come to a poor lonely old woman!" she said. "You know how it cheers me when you drop in to share my solitary meal."

"A miserable bachelor is only too glad to get"—he was just going to say "a first-rate luncheon," but happily pulled himself up in time to substitute "congenial society, above all ladies' society, with his meals."

"Oh, you have no lack of ladies' society!" she replied, with a pleased smile. "When were you last at Arden, and how did you find them all?"

"Perfectly well, thank you, and the roses coming well into bloom. They talked of sending you some in a day or two. I can spare less and less time for home now."

"So busy? You were right about a certain document, Gervase. I have had it drawn up and duly signed and witnessed, and there it is for your perusal." And she took out a paper that he knew to be her will.

"Thank you," he replied, smiling. "I need not see it. If it was drawn up by Pergament, as I advised, it is sure to be in order."

"You don't care, then, to know what a lonely old woman designs for you after her death?" she returned, reproachfully.

"I can't endure to think of such a contingency," he said, earnestly. "Poor as I am, I shall regret the much-needed money that comes to me from that source."

"Gervase," said Mrs. Annesley, with apparent irrelevance, "what is this I hear of Edward Annesley's discredit with his brother officers? Is it true that in consequence of certain scandals he will have to leave the service?"

"It is true that he has been advised to do so, but he has not been officially recommended to resign," replied Gervase.

Mrs. Annesley looked disappointed, and knitted her stern brows in silent thought.

"I cannot imagine," pursued Gervase, "how these rumours get about." And he looked searchingly from under his downcast eyelids at the severe face, which broke into a celestial smile before his furtive gaze.

"No," she returned sweetly, "nor can I. But I believe in a just Heaven, Gervase; and I know that retribution, sooner or later, always overtakes the guilty."

"Ah!" he murmured, with dubious meaning. He was thinking of the letter his quick eye had perceived on the writing-table when he came in. It was a thick letter, addressed to Mrs. Markham. Mrs. Markham, he knew, was not only an old and intimate friend of Mrs. Annesley's, but she was also the mother-in-law of Lieutenant-Colonel Disney, Edward Annesley's commanding officer. That accounted for a good deal. Gervase Rickman possessed some imagination; he readily pictured Mrs. Annesley detailing the circumstances of her son's death and her own conjectures respecting it in long and confidential recitals to Mrs. Markham, whose sympathy with her bereaved friend was no doubt profound, and concluding every confidence with the strictest injunctions to secrecy. He imagined Mrs. Markham, burdened with the weight of so delightfully scandalous a secret, recounting it in a moment of expansion, under vows of strictest secrecy, and by no means to the diminution of the scandal, to her daughter, Mrs. Disney. He could see the two ladies gloating over the narrative; the shaken heads, the exclamations, the uplifted hands, the repeated injunction, "My dear, above all, never breathe a syllable to your husband," sequent upon which injunction he of course saw Mrs. Disney burning for a moment of conjugal confidence, when she would transfer the whole of the

recital to the bosom of the Colonel, with the same solemn injunctions to secrecy. Then in his mind's eye he saw this officer looking askance at Edward, and unconsciously treating him with less cordiality than usual. One day, perhaps, Colonel Disney would say to someone, "Wasn't there something rather queer about Paul Annesley's death? Does anybody remember the newspaper reports?" That officer would say to another, "There was something very fishy about Paul Annesley's death. It happened abroad, and was kept out of the English papers, you know—hushed up. It was unlucky for our Annesley that he was on the spot," he might add.

"It was precious lucky for Annesley that his cousin got himself pushed over the precipice," perhaps his audience would say on a subsequent occasion.

"And what had Ned Annesley to do with it?" another hearer might say; "it is to be hoped he didn't push him overboard. It must be awfully tempting to a man's next heir to find himself just behind him at the edge of a *crevasse*. An accidental push, and down the fellow goes, and you get the estate. Shocking accident, papers say; young man of immense property; all goes to a distant cousin."

"It wasn't a *crevasse*, Smith," another man would object, "it was on a cliff by some river in France. Perhaps the Annesleys were larking and one pushed the other over. It was unlucky for our man that the rich one went overboard. He doesn't look like a fellow with something on his conscience."

"He does look like a fellow with a guilty secret."

"And how did they get it hushed up?"

"Easy enough on the Continent. Bribe the officials."

"There was an account of it in the *Times*, if you remember, last autumn. Struck me at the time as a precious queer story. I must say that Annesley has never been the same man since. He wasn't a bad lot before."

"Oh! it is only because he is rich."

"My dear fellow, money never spoils a man's temper or makes him look as if he had baked his grandfather. It's the want of it makes a fellow swear and cut up rough. It's a bad conscience with Annesley, that's why he looks so glum."

"It's the family ghost. They say every Annesley who comes into the property is haunted, and either goes mad or hangs himself."

"You've got hold of the wrong end of the story. It isn't a

ghost, it's a curse ; every Annesley who gets Gledesworth comes to grief. Reginald Annesley of the Hussars was killed elephant-hunting—or pig-sticking, wasn't it? His father went mad and died. Paul Annesley took this unlucky step over the cliff ; and goodness knows what will happen to Ned Annesley—anyway, he's in for a bad thing."

All this Gervase Rickman imagined, and much more—hitting, with the instinct of creative genius, the core of the literal truth. He saw files of last autumn's papers consulted and discussed, and guessed the position his own name would occupy in the general gossip, when disinterred from the brief narrative. He understood, further, much that had hitherto been dark to him respecting the spread of rumour in that part of the world, fitting little bits of information together, and supplying the gap with clever inductions till he had a fair chain of evidence. He remembered an observation of the Vicar's to the effect that Mrs. Annesley was a deeply wronged woman and knew how to forgive, and this observation was suggestive.

"I conclude," continued Mrs. Annesley, ignorant of what was passing through the mind of the thoughtful and clever young man before her, "that Edward Annesley has sent in his papers."

"Not at all," returned Rickman, with a subtle inflection of triumph in his accent ; "he means to live it down, he says."

"It is the first time, Mr. Rickman," she replied, with an angry glitter in her eye, "that an Annesley has preferred his convenience to his honour. There are people who are beneath scorn. Pardon me, I forgot that I was speaking of your *friend*."

"Of my father's friend, and landlord, and my employer," he returned tranquilly.

"And Alice Lingard's lover," she added, with a glance of disdainful anger.

"Her rejected suitor," he corrected, with a curious smile.

"Rejected? Are you certain?" she asked eagerly.

"Perfectly. We need fear no more from that quarter. He was sent off for good and all, three days ago."

"Heaven is just," observed Mrs. Annesley, with pious fervour.

"Exactly," replied Gervase absently. He was thinking what a clever woman Mrs. Annesley was ; it seemed almost a pity she had not come into the world thirty years later, such a woman would indeed be a help-mate for him. He was not sure that she had not been a little too clever for him ; he had not intended

the Annesley scandal to go so far, and his fertile brain was not yet prepared with a scheme for checking it.

"You probably have not fully considered the risk you run in being associated with that man," she continued.

"And what if I had?" he replied; "a poor man with bread to earn cannot be so over-nice. Besides, as you know, we give up the stewardship on quarter-day."

"And still receive him at your house."

"Pardon me. My father still receives him at his house," he corrected, sighing a little, for he felt that he had a difficult and delicate part to play, in preserving friendly relations with both this stern and resolute woman and the man she hated so bitterly. He thought too with some apprehension of the extreme difficulty of managing with such dexterity as to separate Edward from Alice, and at the same time throw him into Sibyl's society; he was beginning to fear, besides, that Edward's reputation was almost too seriously damaged for Sibyl's marriage with him to be a success. He looked at the rigid lips of the hard woman sitting opposite him, and suspected that his iron will and subtle brain had been matched, if not over-matched, and mentally endorsed the truth of Raysh Squire's verdict upon Mrs. Annesley, "You can't nohow get upzides with she." But it was important that he should "get upsides with" Mrs. Annesley, and he determined to do so, not knowing the extent to which she was turning him inside out.

Luncheon was announced while his mind was occupied with these reflections, and the conversation was interrupted—not disagreeably to this unfortunate and deeply perplexed child of genius—for he was fagged and hungry, and always knew how to appreciate an excellent meal, daintily set off with rich and tasteful appointments; nor did he fail to appreciate the state Mrs. Annesley affected since her son's death. This event had given her an income quite out of proportion to a house in the street of a country town, which she chose to occupy, nevertheless, since it was her own, and since her position, spite of its woful diminution now that she was no longer the mother of the unmarried Annesley of Gledesworth, was still good enough to enable her to live on in Medington without loss of consideration. Gervase always felt that he was born for a more brilliant sphere than that he occupied. Mrs. Annesley's stately butler seemed a more fitting servant for his high-mightiness than a country maid; the excellent dry champagne, properly iced, was a more suitable beverage than

the Bass's ale or modest sherry of Arden ; complicated cookery, with Frenchified names, was only a suitable tribute to a man so evidently intended by nature for a lofty destiny ; and he listened to Mrs. Annesley's long grace with the inward reflection that the meal justified it, and complacently refreshed his inner man to the accompaniment of his hostess's elegant small talk, glad to be excused the more difficult topics the servant's presence had put aside.

He was sorry when the butler left them, all too quickly in his opinion, and Mrs. Annesley returned to the charge.

"I could never understand," she said, "how you could bring yourself to act with or under that man, after what you saw in the Jura. You have assured me so many times that what you then actually witnessed is insufficient evidence to base a trial upon."

"Dear Mrs. Annesley, need I assure you again? Why revive a topic that must be so especially painful to you?"

"My young friend, do you suppose that topic is ever absent from my mind?" she returned in a deep voice, with a keen cold glance

"I suppose," reflected the unfortunate young man, "that you are an awful old woman, and that I had better, after all, have nothing to do with you." But, aloud, he said something about a mother's bereavement being perpetual, at which Mrs. Annesley applied her delicate handkerchief daintily to each side of her nose, and murmured that his sympathy was one of the few solaces left to a forlorn widow.

"You told him," she added, replacing the handkerchief in her pocket with a prompt return to her business-like manner, "that your business had become too large and important to make it worth your while to conduct his affairs?"

"Yes, and it was true ; we can do very well without the Gledesworth affairs. I had thought of giving it to Daish, but he has enough to do without. Daish is a very fair man of business ; wholesomely dense in a way, but understands when directed ; the very man to be under a master."

"My dear Gervase, I must insist on your finishing that wine ; it is the champagne you chose for me. You take a new partner, and refuse important business, and have branch offices in half-a-dozen towns ; that all hangs excellently together, and Edward Annesley might believe you, if he were less of a fool than he is. But what does not fit is the fact that you are constantly bewailing your poverty."

Gervase explained that poverty is a relative term, and depends

upon the relation of a man's needs to his possessions. "The fact is," he said in conclusion, "I want money—a great deal of money. No one suspects what my aims really are, but your friendship, dear Mrs. Annesley, has always been so perfect, and you have so much sympathy with whatever soars above the common, that I feel moved to confide in you, the more so as your influence is great, and may materially aid me."

He was looking at the wine-glass he was turning round between his finger and thumb, and speaking with a hesitating, almost timid air, like a man who longs to make a confidence but needs some encouragement to bring him to the point. Mrs. Annesley's piercing gaze was directed upon his down-cast intellectual face; she was wondering to what extent he was lying, as indeed she usually did while conferring with him.

"My influence," she echoed, with a melancholy accent, "what influence can a forlorn and childless widow such as I am have? Do not mock my affliction, dear Gervase. I am not the mother of Annesley of Gledesworth," and the handkerchief once more appeared, and was again daintily pressed to each side of Mrs. Annesley's finely formed nose.

"Nevertheless," returned Gervase, who knew exactly what she wanted him to say, "you have far more influence than the lady who occupies that position. Influence depends more than is commonly supposed upon force of character. I don't think you quite know the extent to which Mrs. Annesley of Medington is looked up to, and the great sympathy which her sorrows inspire."

She knew that he was fibbing, and yet she liked it. Flattery is so essential to some natures that they are almost indifferent to its truth or falsehood so long as incense of some kind is offered them. She therefore replied that, though conscious of her own impotence, she was most willing to further her dear friend's views as far as she could, and begged him, if it would be the slightest solace to him, to confide his aims to her motherly breast. And Gervase, knowing that her genius for intrigue gave her an influence more potent in the furtherance of his purposes than that of rank or wealth, and being unusually expansive on account of the wine he had taken to quiet his troubled mind, replied—

"I am ambitious. I do not intend to remain an attorney in a country town long."

"Your talents are wasted in such a sphere," she replied; "there is no doubt of that. But to what do you mean to rise?"

His ambition had always inspired her with admiration, and the thought that she might bring a brilliant young man into public notice was most pleasing to her, possessing the instinct of patronage to such an unusual degree as she did.

"I intend," he replied, gazing with a pre-occupied air straight before him, "to rule England, if not Europe."

The quiet matter-of-fact air with which he uttered this large resolve quite startled Mrs. Annesley, and her eyes flashed with unfeigned admiration.

"You aim high," she replied almost breathlessly.

"Why not?" he returned coolly; "with a resolute purpose, a high aim is as easily achieved as a low one."

Mrs. Annesley was too startled to be amused at the idea of a young country lawyer purposing to govern his country, if not the world at large, in this off-hand manner; she saw no bathos in his observations, perhaps in her momentary bewilderment she had a vague notion that Gervase might send her straightway to the Tower if she incurred his displeasure; she could only ask him, with unusual meekness, how he meant to begin.

"First, I must get money," he replied; "then I must get a seat in Parliament. The rest," he added, smiling with a sudden consciousness of the ridiculous side of his pretensions, "will follow."

Yet though he had too wholesome a sense of humour not to be amused at his large assertion, he fully meant it, and Mrs. Annesley, looking silently and thoughtfully upon his resolute countenance, which was now more than usually alight with intellect, and pondering upon the oratorical gifts he was known to possess, upon his strength of will, his industry, his learning, his genius for affairs, and his knowledge of human character, realized all at once that a born statesman was sitting at her table, and that, though, friendless and unknown as he was, he might never rule England, much less Europe, to do which, he would have, as he afterwards informed her, to transform England to a great extent, he would probably rise to a creditable position in public life. Ruling England might be but a vaunt, yet not wholly an idle one; it was like the marshal's bâton in the knapsack of the republican soldier, or the woolsack in the future of the young barrister, a symbol and aim of the ambition without which men never rise above mediocrity.

She knew him to be unscrupulous, and this in her eyes was a further guarantee of his success. She did not believe with Alice

Lingard, that honour and honesty are the only permanent bases of political as of personal greatness, and that, though an ambitious and unscrupulous genius may achieve the highest eminence, such a one is almost certain to fall. The world thinks with Mrs. Annesley rather than with Alice.

"Come into the garden," she said when she had recovered from her surprise, "and tell me all about it." And they went out and strolled in the shade of the lime-trees for a sunny half-hour, while Gervase unfolded the details of his immediate plans and spoke of the probability of the borough of Medington falling vacant at no distant date, and of the desirability of his finances being in a condition for him to contest it. Then Mrs. Annesley promised him definite financial as well as personal aid, and he knew that neither was to be despised. And although he did not impart his ambitious plans as yet to any one else, he knew that the same occult powers which had affixed a stigma to Edward Annesley, could associate his name with a predicted success which might fulfil itself. He was also aware that Mrs. Annesley had latterly renewed her acquaintance with her aristocratic connections, some of whom were distinguished both in the world of society and in that of politics.

He returned to his office in high spirits; he knew that Mrs. Annesley was far too dangerous as a possible foe, not to be made a certain friend, and in confiding in her and throwing himself upon her, he had secured her on his side for life; he would now be in some sort her own creation, so he had persuaded her.

The very danger of the crisis through which he had just passed increased his confidence in that vague something which he named his destiny. All men are illogical, especially those who make a point of being logical and following nothing but the light of reason, and who think to conquer circumstance by their own unaided will. Gervase, therefore, who regarded religion as the malady of undeveloped minds, and professed to be able to mould his own fate and that of others by the sole power of his purpose, was a firm believer in his lucky destiny, and was constantly tormenting himself with fears lest that capricious divinity should one day veer round and persecute him, as it had hitherto favoured him.

Having seated himself at his desk that afternoon, and being much occupied with thoughts of his continued good luck, he determined to consult an oracle in which he believed as fervently as any girl believes in the saints she calls upon by the wayside

cross. He opened a penknife with a long fine blade, and poised it carefully in his hand with the point directed to the wall opposite him. While doing this, his confidential clerk knocked at the door; but he did not answer, he continued gazing with an intent anxious gaze upon a spot of colour in the pattern of the wall-paper. The clerk then made the preconcerted signal denoting urgency in a series of taps on the door; still no reply. Gervase's hand trembled slightly and his face was pale; he shot the knife dart-like at the spot on the wall, and instantly got up and followed it, and smiled with relief when he found the blade quivering in the very centre of the pattern.

Three times the rite was performed, each time with increasing trepidation; while the clerk, who heard his footsteps, coughed an impatient cough and repeated that signal of urgency. When the blade quivered the third time in the same spot, the tension of the young man's features relaxed, he took the knife and shut it with a tranquil air, saying inwardly that he was now sure of success, and resuming his seat, he bid the clerk enter in his usual manner. It was a favourite axiom of his that all men are fools in some respects.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SQUIRE OF GLEDESWORTH.

When Edward Annesley reached home at the end of his moonlight ride after the discouraging reception of his suit by Alice, he went to bed and to sleep in the most unromantic fashion, and rose refreshed next morning to eat a hearty breakfast.

After breakfast, he took a cigar and went round the stables, and listened to an account of the symptoms of his sister's riding-horse, and, having attentively examined the creature, prescribed for it; then he carefully felt the legs of a carriage-horse, and decided that there was nothing the matter but swelling from insufficient exercise, and considered other important stable matters,*smoking with apparent enjoyment all the time.

Then he passed an hour in his mother's sitting-room, discussing matters of business, looking over the accounts of one of his brothers, who was not yet able to stand on his own financial foundation, but making no allusion to what had occurred at Arden the day before, beyond saying that he had passed the evening at the Manor.

After this he strolled through the park down to a little cove, surrounded by tall forest trees growing right down to the water's edge, where there was a tiny pier and bathing-stage and a boat-house, and, stepping into a little boat, sculled out seawards. Then his face became thoughtful, and he began to reflect on what had passed in the garden the evening before.

Alice was friendly towards him, and more than kind, as became her nature; but she did not love him, and he did not think he could ever win her love. Paul's untimely fate had surrounded him with a halo of tenderness; there was a pathos in his tragic death which, Edward decided, would make Alice cling to his memory as to that of a canonized saint.

Yet the fact that Alice besought him to tell the secret of his part in that death, showed that she entertained at least some thought of accepting his proposals, though the fact that she did not trust him indicated conclusively that she did not, and probably never would love him. A love without trust could not be based upon the reverent perception of moral beauty, which was the foundation of his own love. And it was not so very unreasonable that she should wish him to explain the history of that afternoon; he saw clearly that whether she would finally grow to love him or not, she would most certainly never accept his addresses until the mystery was cleared up. That would be the first step.

As he sculled swiftly over the calm waters, the blue heaven above him and the blue sea beneath, Alice's face rose before him, and the tones of her voice grew upon his ear, and he felt how deeply he loved her and how impossible it was to be happy without her. If he could not win her, he would make no unmanly moan, but the glory of his life would be gone, it could never have its full meaning. After the keenness of the disappointment had worn off, he might even find some good, lovable woman to whom he would be a good husband, and who would be a contented wife; but he would never be really happy, he would have missed the best things in life; he even doubted if he could so far conquer his feelings as to marry. As he thought this, seeing Alice's face in imagination and recalling the charm of her presence, tears rose to his eyes, and dimmed the blue vision of sea and sky before him, and it came into his mind that it would be worth doing anything to win her. Should he yield to her wishes and tell her all, taking the risk of what might follow?

So he pondered for a long time, sculling more and more rapidly in the stress of this suggestion, oblivious of the hot sunshine, until the perspiration streamed from his face, while the green shore lessened in the distance, and he was near being run down by a yacht steaming along at high speed.

After all, he had a right to win her ; there was no justice in frustrating the happiness of his life because Paul Annesley could have no more earthly enjoyment, and was it not a happier fate for Alice to love a living man than a dead one ? He called up a vision of Alice wooed and won, living a tranquil and useful life by his side. He thought how happy he would make her, surrounding her with tenderest love, and protecting her from every trouble ; honour and peace would wait upon her steps in the happy home he would give her, and a thousand sweet domestic joys would spring up and blossom in her path. But all this only if she loved him ; yet why should she not ? The picture was so sweet that he dwelt upon it long, so long that at last it was beginning to confuse his sense of right. He imagined himself telling her the whole story, and tried to think how she would bear it. He thought he saw horror coming into her eyes as she listened and anguish clouding her face,—and would that be all ? No ; if he judged her rightly, something more would come between them—anger and scorn. She would never forgive him, as he could never forgive himself.

Then the current of his thoughts turned ; he saw a pitying tenderness stealing into her face, and found himself forgiven for his love's sake, and perhaps, when the anguish had spent itself, loved at last. At this thought the temptation to tell all became urgent. It was so hard to let her go without further efforts to win her. But she did not trust him, *could* she ever love him ? What strange infatuation his had been, when first he saw and loved her and thought—preposterous thought—that his love was returned. It must have been pure imagination, because after he knew of Paul's claims she had seemed so different and so distant ; doubtless she had never been anything but distant, only his wishes had made him fancy that she inclined to him. Those few bright days at Arden were but days stolen from a fool's paradise, the only paradise, he thought with unwonted bitterness, men ever enjoy in this perverted and perverse earth.

It was pleasant, nevertheless, to remember the brief fool's paradise, which seemed so long and so full of events. He recalled their discussions and arguments upon every conceivable

topic, and all the hints of character brought out by trivial events. Once they were talking of 'Vanity Fair,' and especially of that matchless creature, Becky Sharp, and Alice said that had she been Amelia, she could have forgiven Becky everything but that one crowning injury of revealing George Osborne's infidelity. "It was like killing a soul," she said, "for she destroyed the ideal of a life-time."

The air seemed still to vibrate with the tones of her voice; he remembered the flutter of a ribbon on her dress when she spoke.

No more fool's paradises for Edward Annesley, only the stern facts of life and a stout wrestling with circumstances remained for him, as perhaps was fitting for a tough fellow able to take his full share of hard knocks.

"I will never tell her," he said aloud, though no one heard but the waves and the sea-birds skimming above them, and the light breeze which sprang up and invited him to step his tiny mast and hoist his sail, and flit over the waters in emulation of the gulls. While he sped before the wind, pursuing these reflections, he thought that the best thing in most lives might after all be a happy memory of an untarnished ideal.

The sun had turned, and was already far down the western slope, when the woods and meadows around his stately home came in sight again, and he sculled into the cove, put the little boat's head straight for the landing-place, and sprang out the moment the keel ground the shingle. The serene calm which follows on a temptation resisted filled his heart, though he was too little given to introspection to know why he was at peace. As he turned to haul the boat up the shore, an idea struck him, and he saw the exact spot where the coast defences should be strengthened, the weak spot that the enemy would not fail to detect and take advantage of; but it seemed so strange that neither he nor those who planned the fortifications should have seen it before.

Musing of guns, ships, and forts, he strolled along the sunny turf, seeing his chimneys and gables rise above the green domes of woodland encircling them, seeing the downs stretching away beyond the park, until he passed into the golden green shadows of a beech grove and came out in the full blaze of the afternoon sunshine upon the open park-land in front of the house, which stood on a rising ground. It was a fine old Jacobean building in grey stone, built on to an older wing, which extended far

back, and was scarcely seen from this approach, and behind which was a beautifully timbered Gothic hall, in good preservation. It was a noble specimen of a stately English home; the park was full of magnificent trees, the growth of ages; all along by the sea, beneath the down-ridge and beyond it for miles, spread well-cultivated fields, interspersed with farms and woods; a goodly inheritance.

Edward Annesley looked at it and wondered if any one could be a whit the better for possessing it, as he did; the bare-armed and brown-faced gardener, pushing his mowing-machine with a pleasant sound over the smooth deep sward, had as good a harvest for his eyes. The tops of the oaks caught the full sunshine in their russet and green leafage against the lucid sky, and moved as pleasantly in the breeze for the gardener as for his master; the blue haze veiled the distance as sweetly and the sunlight lay as warmly for him on the weathered stone of the broad and picturesquely varied house-front.

Edward had been much happier in the old days when he was but a subaltern officer of artillery, with a moderate income and fewer responsibilities, with no pretensions, but with endless possibilities before him in the profession he loved, if not exactly with a field-marshal's bâton in his pocket, before his meeting with Alice Lingard had created an imperious need in his heart. All he wanted then was a fair chance in the service, the variety and possible travel and peril of a military life, his books and instruments, and leisure to use them, with the companionship of men of similar tastes. Truly, he reflected, "man wants but little," but by some strange perversity of fate that little is usually the unattainable; Sappho's apple reddening out of reach on the orchard's topmost bough. Even Paul, who so well appreciated wealth and the consideration which accompanies it, had found it worthless without Alice to share his possessions and give the crowning grace to his beautiful home.

Mrs. Edward Annesley was sitting at a table beneath a spreading plane-tree in front of the house, and at some distance from it, with some needlework in her hand. She saw her son issue from the beechen grove and come towards her in the sunshine. Some echo of his musings was in her mind at the moment; she too was beginning to realize the vanity of the good fortune which had so unexpectedly befallen them, though perhaps she would not have done so but for the blighting suspicions which gathered round her son and deprived the whole

family in some measure of the social standing their inheritance should have given them. The great house seemed to her, as to Edward, unhomelike, and, like him, she thought regretfully of the plain, unpretentious red-brick house mantled with ivy, in which her husband had died, and her latter years had been spent in pleasant peace.

The reproach weighed on her, but not as it weighed upon Annesley himself. As her son drew nearer, her heart went out to him. It seemed as if Time had rolled backwards in its current, and not her son but her husband, as she knew him in the fulness of his strength, was coming to her side again.

"Dear child!" she murmured within herself, while her kind eyes clouded, "I never thought him so like his father till of late."

What was the change that every one noticed in him? she wondered, as she watched the well-knit figure, carelessly clad in a light morning suit, moving with firm even tread over the grass. Perhaps his step was too measured, and lacked its former lightness; certainly the dark eyes, shadowed by the straw hat, had lost their youthful joyousness, and looked out upon the world sternly, almost defiantly; and that made him like his father, who had had many a fall in his rounds with Fortune. There was the stamp of some ineffaceable trouble on his face; what could it be? Children, she reflected, must always be changing through all the stages of childhood to youth, and then from youth to manhood, and what manhood passes unscathed by trouble and care? Annesley of Gledesworth—she was proud of the title in her fond way, and thought he became it well; he looked like a man to sit in high places, and be clothed with power and responsibility.

"All alone, mother?" he asked, taking a seat near her, and losing half-a-dozen years from his face as he spoke. "Has any one been or anything happened? I meant to have been in for luncheon, but the wind was fair for a sail."

"And you have been rowing, I see, by your blistered hands. How brown your hands have become! No, nothing has happened, and nobody has driven or ridden out, and here comes Rushworth with the tea."

"I have just thought of selling Gledesworth," said Edward, abruptly.

"My dear child, selling a property that has been in the family since King John's time!"

"Yes, selling it, curse and all. I don't care for the place, do you?" He looked up and laughed. "It gives me the creeps, and makes me fool enough to believe in the prediction. Upon my word, I wonder nobody ever thought of selling the curse before."

"There might be a difficulty in finding a purchaser, Ned. Oh, my dear," she added, more seriously, "if you could but clear yourself of these suspicions! That is what poisons the place for you—that is our curse."

"I wish I could, for your sake," he replied; "but really you take it too much to heart. What is a little ill-natured gossip after all? Words are but air."

"Oh, that woman!" she exclaimed. "She was the bane of your life long before you were born or thought of. She trifled with your dear father till she nearly wore him out, and no sooner were we engaged than she did all she could to make mischief between us. Not that I believe he ever really cared for her," she added, with asperity, "but most men can be made fools of by artful and unscrupulous women."

"My dear mother," he replied, with some amusement, "that is an old story to rake up. And you must admit that Aunt Eleanor got the worst of it in marrying my Uncle Walter instead of my father."

"There is comfort in that, Ned," she admitted. "If she would but let you alone! It is she who slanders you, and no other. I could tell you stories of the vindictiveness of those Mowbrays that would make your hair stand on end."

"Poor soul!" he said, "think of her trouble. I firmly believe it has turned her brain. She is not responsible for what she does. I said so at the very first, if you remember."

"If she is mad, her temper has made her so, and she ought to be shut up," replied Mrs. Annesley, with curious logic but firm determination. "My dear," she added, with apparent irrelevance, "I quite believe in you, but it would make me happier if you would tell me the whole story of that miserable business."

"My dear mother," he replied, his face hardening as he spoke until he seemed no longer her son Edward, "you promised me not to reopen that question. We have discussed it too much already."

She looked him in the face, her heart beat, and a dreadful doubt sickened her. She had known this man from his cradle; he had told her all his thoughts and confessed all his errors and

follies from the first stammer of infancy till now; could she doubt him? He had never lied since he was old enough to know the meaning of truth, he had even, in his cadet days, told her many of his scrapes. She had tried not to spoil him and turn him into the flabby sinner or saint a widow's eldest son so often proves; she thought that she had never suffered him to rule her, and certainly had not let him play the tyrant to the younger children; she had had very little trouble with him. But she knew that mothers and wives seldom hear the whole history of sons and husbands; such a barrier custom rears between the sexes.

"It is hard not to know. I am your mother!" she exclaimed.

"It is hard not to be trusted, and I am your son," he replied more gently; and then a servant appeared with tea-cups, and they could not pursue the subject. Harriet Annesley's singing came faintly from an open window,

"Ach Gott, mein Lieb ist todt,
Ist bei dem lieben Gott,"

and made him think of Alice and Paul.

It broke off abruptly, and Harriet appeared beneath the beautiful carved porch at the top of the steps, down which she floated with a child-like grace, and joined her elder sister, Eleanor, who was now a fine young woman, and the two came to the plane-tree and scolded their brother for going off all day without telling any one.

Then Eleanor poured out tea, and they were all very merry in a homely way. Edward thought how pretty and charming they were, and what a pity it was that the doors of society should be shut upon them just in the golden promise of their lives; and while he was thinking this and affectionately teasing them, he became aware of a sturdy little figure, with a dogged yet blushing face, striding with long heavy steps straight over the turf towards him.

"Be you Squire Annesley?" asked the boy, stopping just in front of him, the sun blazing full on his hot face, white smock, and dusty boots.

"Yes, boy. What do you want?"

"Then this here's for you," he replied, producing a letter, "and she said there wasn't no answer." With that he turned, and was striding heavily back again without more ado.

"Stop, boy!" cried Edward, who had felt a thrill at first sight

of his face, which he recognized vaguely as belonging to Arden ; for all the faces there seemed to bear one family stamp. He gave the messenger a bright half-crown, and bid the servant take him in and give him food, but still did not appear in a hurry to read his letter.

"How very romantic!" observed Eleanor ; "who is the 'she,' the fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she?"

"*Er war mit Herz und Seele meina,*" sang Harriet, her mind still burdened with her melancholy ditty.

Then he broke the cover and read, his face changing from white to red and back to white again, till he folded the letter very exactly, and put it in his pocket with a thoughtful air. Presently he turned his gaze from the sunshiny trees and turf to his mother and sister, who were occupied with some trifling discussion.

"How would you like to spend the winter in Rome?" he asked. "You might go to Switzerland in August or September, and gradually creep on to Rome by November. We could shut up this house for a year. I might get a long leave and join you. What do you say?"

There was a long and animated discussion, and presently the two girls moved off, full of the new scheme, and left the others alone.

"It is all over," Edward then said to his mother. "She has refused me. Of course I shall think no more of it."

Then he rose and joined his sisters.

The letter was brief and formal. The writer hoped that Mr. Annesley would waste no more time upon an unprofitable subject upon which they could never come to any agreement. What occurred on the afternoon of the 10th of September last year made it impossible for her ever to entertain any thought of marriage. She hoped that in case of their meeting again, she might rely upon his bearing himself towards her as a friend, but nothing more.

This last sentence, which poor Alice would probably never have written but for her painful experience of Paul's tenacious courtship, was unfortunate in its effect upon Edward. It stung him into a fierce resentment, and made him seize his pen that evening and indite a haughty missive, to the effect that Miss Lingard need not be in the least afraid of his troubling her with unwelcome attentions ; a letter that wounded her to the heart's core.

The long golden beams of the evening sun stole through the closed blinds and fell on his paper as he wrote ; such long beams were then falling upon Gervase and Alice on the down above Arden, when the former was uttering the simple words which echoed so long through the memories of both, "Quite right."

PART V.—CHAPTER I.

AN ENGLISH TRIUMPH.

ALL the eight bells in the church steeple were pealing down in joyous tumult through the sun-gilt smoke canopy which was spread above the slate roofs of Medington one mild November afternoon ; the streets of that quiet little town were filled with an unwonted life and stir, thickest and most turbulent in the vicinity of the town-hall, the open space in front of which was black with human beings. It is curious that crowds, no matter of what they may be composed, always are black ; it is curious, too, that human faces in the mass are always of one tint, a very pale bronze without the faintest shade of pink ; probably no one ever saw a crowd blush or turn pale, yet these truly awful phenomena must sometimes occur.

The windows surrounding the space before the town-hall were black with humanity, so was the balcony which served as hustings. When the eye became accustomed to the mass and began singling out its component parts, it detected many points of colour ; a large proportion of the men in the street wore the fustian garb of the artisan ; the few female forms discernible at the windows or in carriages contributed less lugubrious tints, and on many a coat, whether of cloth or fustian, there fluttered gay bunches of ribbon, dark blue and crimson on some, light blue and yellow on others. Those who wore the pale colours were radiantly and triumphantly aggressive ; those who wore the dark, sullenly and defiantly so. All were demeaning themselves like Bedlamites ; a few sad and anxious policemen jostled about among them were trying not to observe anything. One of these, in his efforts to preserve an indifferent and easy demeanour,

seemed quite absorbed in a close and searching examination of the pale blue sky above, across which some pigeons were flying, their clanging wings unheard in the tumult ; the fact that a band of musicians bearing the dark colours were flying precipitately down a side street, pursued by various missiles, kicks and thumps, with their hats now and then crushed over their noses, and their instruments vibrating to unmusicianly strokes, did not pierce through his apparent abstraction.

It was a scene to kindle wonder in the breast of an observant Chinaman or Bedouin Arab, if such had chanced to be strolling through Medington High Street just then. A gentleman on the balcony was gesticulating and shouting unheard in the tumult made by the bells, and the cheering, yelling, groaning and whistling of the crowd. Yet people appeared to be listening to this frantic person through the uproar, and punctuated his discourse by hootings, hissings, cries of "hear, hear!" and clapping of hands ; also by more personal favours, such as bags of flour, which for the most part fell short of him and burst with uncalculated effect upon unsuspecting citizens below, to the loud and delighted merriment of those not so favoured. He was succeeded by another orator, and yet another. Now and again somebody, usually some half-grown boy, would utter a hoarse, half-despairing, half-defiant shout of "Stuart for ever!" whereupon the citizens with light ribbons would fall upon him pell-mell, and hustle and thump him with most Christian vigour, themselves hustled and thumped in turn by a posse of dark colours, who would rush to the rescue of their side. Had the intelligent foreigners asked the reason of these sudden displays of fraternal feeling, the belligerents would probably have been puzzled how to answer them.

So great and overpowering was the joy in the breasts of the light colours, that one of them would occasionally crush the hat over the nose of a brother light colour, out of pure gladness of heart and excess of brotherly love. Shop-keepers had hastily put up their shutters at the first crash of the bells, and prudent people, and those who preferred quiet enjoyments to the turbulent delights of laying about them with their fists, had cautiously transferred the dark colours (if so unfortunate as to wear them) from their coats to their pockets, a device which little profited one unlucky citizen, who effected the transfer more quickly than dexterously, and was betrayed by the ends of the streamers peeping from his coat-tail pockets ; he was

finally seen fleeing coatless down a back street, after having furnished infinite sport to the Philistine crowd.

The balcony was now cleared, the crowd centred itself closely about a carriage waiting at the principal door of the town-hall, and removed the astonished horses decked with light-blue favours from the traces ; this was the moment for another carriage, bearing dark favours and standing at a door in a side street, to take up a gentleman whose smile was rather forced, and bear him swiftly away. A great deep cheer, such a sound as comes only from broad-chested Englishmen, now rose with gathering intensity like the rising thunder of a league-long breaker and almost silenced the clashing bells, which were firing their sonorous salutes ; the windows became white with the flutter of ladies' handkerchiefs ; the crowd exhibited severer signs of dementia, and at last a slight figure issued hat in hand from the hall and took his seat in the carriage, followed by three taller and broader men, all wearing the triumphant light favours. Then the carriage moved slowly on, pulled and pushed by strong-armed, loud-voiced citizens, few of whom had any direct influence on election ; bouquets fell into it from ladies' hands ; a citizen, unduly influenced by beer, staggered forwards and shook a devious fist in the faces of the gentlemen in the carriage, thickly shouting, "Stuart for ever !" and then fell into the arms of a policeman, where he wept and told the policeman he loved him like a brother, and, amid shouts of "Rickman for ever !" declarations of the triumphant majority and exultant cheers, the carriage, followed by the light-favoured band, wedged its way through the square and moved up the principal street.

The Chinaman and the Arab would have been gratified by the sight of one sane and calm person in the midst of this strange madness, namely the central figure of all the tumult, who sat serenely observing everything, with the declining sun firing his fair hair, and a very slight expression of disdain upon his thoughtful and resolute face, which was pale with the fatigue of the last few weeks, but the habitual look of power and purpose on which was undisturbed by any sign of excitement or triumph.

"It is the first step," he thought to himself ; yet he was constrained to confess, that although it was a fine thing for a young provincial attorney of no particular family or local influence to be returned a Liberal member for that fine old Conservative borough, the first Liberal member within the memory of man, it was a

very long way from ruling England and perhaps the world, which latter would need some slight alterations before being ruled by England. But "the rest will follow," Gervase thought, knowing that almost anything is possible to a born ruler with a fixed purpose and resolute will. Mrs. Walter Annesley, leaning from her open window to throw him a bouquet bound with his colours, and receive his deferential salute, felt a thrill of pride when she looked upon the pale intellectual face, so self-contained and calm amid the mad tumult; and when she contrasted the expression of his countenance with that of his supporters in the carriage, two of whom were well-known public men, and all of whom were flushed with excitement at this unexpected accession to their party, she echoed Gervase's thought, "the rest will follow." She knew too that these men, with whom Gervase had been actively working for some time before he stood for the borough, expected a great deal to follow from talents such as his. Gervase was in some sort her own creation; she had given him substantial aid; and it was she who had introduced him to the Liberal ex-Cabinet Minister who would not fail to see that powers so exceptional as his should be put to good use. Through Gervase life had acquired a fresh interest for Mrs. Annesley; his career would feed the pride which had been so cruelly crushed by her son's untimely death.

At this moment Gervase smiled, for his observant eye caught a glimpse of Dr. Davis, that worthy alderman and ex-mayor, that staid and important medical gentleman, and acknowledged leading practitioner, being hustled and bonneted, and laying about him manfully in defence of his dark favours, which the triumphant Radicals were trying to snatch. A little farther on, that discreet and learned limb of the law, Mr. Pergament, was ignominiously bolting down a side street and vanishing into the darkness of a friendly passage, the door of which opened for him; and Mr. Daish, Rickman's own partner, arm-in-arm with Mr. Dates, the grocer, was marching along in triumph, colours flying, and uttering spasmodic cries of "Rickman for ever! Hurrah!"

Gervase wondered if any other influence save that of strong drink would have power thus to move these grave sons of civilization from their wonted decorum, and mused deeply on the eccentricities of the national temperament, so ponderously and immovably solemn, and yet on occasion so absurdly boyish and capable of rollicking fun. Here was a quiet little town, full

of sad-faced shopkeepers and stolid working-men, going stark mad because somebody was about to represent some of them—a very small proportion—in Parliament. It amused him excessively to think that he was supposed to represent the cumulative political mind of such a set of simpletons. He thought what humbug representative government was, even if pushed to the logical fulness of universal suffrage. The great thing in moving the masses, he reflected, is to have a cry, a catchword, the more dubious in meaning the better. He had seen two little girls slap each other's faces because one was for Rickman and the other for Stuart. The crowd surging about him and dragging his carriage knew and cared little more than those little maids for the meaning of the cry, most of them had no votes, the most enthusiastic were the street boys. Some voices, it is true, shouted "the ballot" and "extension of suffrage," but even these were catchwords for the most part, caught up from perpetual iteration in recent speeches and newspapers. So it was and so it will be. The cries of Guelf and Ghibelline rent the Italian communities of the Middle Ages asunder, and one of the factions formed by these cries was itself cut into Blacks and Whites in Florence in the days of Dante, whose life was soured for a word's sake. There were catchwords in the olden days of

"The glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome."

There are catchwords in the youngest colonies of to-day, and he, thought the new member for Medington, who knows how to fashion and wield catchwords knows how to rule mankind.

After all, what are catchwords but imperfect and attenuated symbols, and what are symbols but bodies to the souls of thoughts? Perhaps even worn-out soul-vacated symbols are better than absolute vacancy.

Mr. Rickman, half-incredulous of his senses, sat with Sibyl at a window looking towards the town-hall and heard the final state of the poll declared. Sibyl heard it with less surprise, but with a gladness which made her eyes brighter than ever, and she smiled inwardly at the spectacle of her brother's triumph, the comic side of which did not fail to appeal to her.

Alice had refused to be present, and Gervase had thought this a good sign. Mrs. Rickman had declined going, on the

ground that her son's possible defeat would be too serious a thing to learn in public, in which Alice agreed with her; they stayed at home to console each other.

In those days, before the ballot and compulsory education and all such fine recipes for the regeneration of mankind, news did not fly quite so fast as now; people were not on such familiar terms with their freshly tamed demon, electricity, and country roads were not cobwebbed with telegraph wires. I think nobody had as yet thought of extending and multiplying the plague of human babble and other noises by means of wires and drums.

Thus people in Arden were ignorant of the result of the great political battle raging within a few miles of them; there was no cannon-thunder to come booming on the wind to the listening ears of the villagers; the nearest approach to the noise of fight was the faint confused swirl of the Medington bells, when the eddying wind rushed up the valley and over the downs with a larger sway, and that far-off sound merely told them that the battle was lost and won, as most battles are; it did not say who was the victor in the bloodless fray. Nevertheless, Raysh Squire, with a large dark blue-and-crimson favour, pinned with ostentatious profusion upon his jacket, descended early in the afternoon into the village for news and naturally took his way to the Golden Horse, which, besides, was the first house in the street, as the proper magazine for that commodity. But the Golden Horse offered absolutely no attractions that afternoon, beyond the gross and obvious charms of potent liquor; even the landlord was absent, and the landlady was not in the mood for social intercourse.

Just opposite the Golden Horse, on the same side of the high-road and forming the other corner house to the by-road which led past the parsonage and on to the churchyard, stood a solid stone cottage, so old that it had sunk a couple of feet beneath the level of the high-road, which, perhaps, when new it dominated; like the leaders of thought, who in their golden prime stand above mankind, but, as Time rushes on depositing a thick sediment of fresh ideas, sink gradually into the groove of old-fashioned thinkers.

This sunken condition, though inconvenient in heavy rains, added, in Raysh's opinion, to the charm of the cheery little home, because it enabled one, without stirring from the cosy ingle-nook, to see over the flowers in the window the lower

parts of everything that passed, thus enabling a person of imagination to divine the whole, and preventing small things from being overlooked, and here he was wont to spend many a leisure quarter of an hour at the hearth of his daughter, who was married to Joshua Baker, the vicarage gardener, and had more than once conferred the dignity of grandfather upon him.

It looked specially inviting in the mild November day; the pear-tree spread over the blank gabled wall facing the inn, though leafless, was yet suggestive of mellow fruitage, and the few flowers in the tiny channel between the bricked-up road and the windows, though past bloom, were still cheerful; the geraniums inside the diamonded lattices were glowing with scarlet blossoms, the pale sun-beams brought out warm tints in the stone and thatch, and rosy-faced Ruth stood in the doorway, with a baby in her arms and an infant playing on the dry road in front of her, to take the air and see the world.

"Who's in?" she asked, moving aside, while Raysh descended the two steps and bowed his head to enter the low doorway, which admitted at once to the dwelling-room, a cosy little nest, pervaded by the vague odour peculiar to country cottages and mellowed rather than darkened by the smoke of years.

"That's just what I was a gwine to ask," returned Raysh, dropping into the wooden arm-chair fronting the window and tapping the bowl of his pipe on the hearth, on which burnt a fire of wood and furze, making warm reflections in the walnut dresser with its shining plates and cups, and on the tall oak-cased eight-day clock which ticked with a familiar home-like sound against the smoke-browned wall. "Aint Josh home?"

"No; Josh likes to see what's going on. You may be bound he won't start home till he knows who's got in."

Then Raysh informed his daughter that a person from Medington passing through Arden at midday had declared the state of the poll to show a majority for Rickman. "Twas a Liberal lie," he commented, not intending any double meaning. "They thinks if only they lies hard enough, 'twill hearten up 'tothers to vote on the winning side."

"I wish Josh wouldn't bide in Medington," returned Ruth, whose politics were of a purely personal cast. "I can't abide these lections; they're nothing but drink and broken heads, so

fur as I can make out, and family men are better out of them."

"It takes a powerful mind to see into politics," observed Raysh; "politics is beyond women. For why? A ooman's mind is made to hold in-door things; 'taint big enough for out-door."

Ruth reflected on this remark in silence, while she laid her baby in the cradle and called the elder child in by the fire, where it babbled happily to itself.

"What has politics to do with Mr. Gervase getting in?" she asked at length. "Many's the time I've asked Josh what politics is, and all he can say is 'it's what the women can't understand.' There must be a power of politics in the world, for there's a many things I can't understand."

"Understanding," continued Raysh, "aint expected of women. They talks over much aready without understanding; and the Lard only knows where their tongues would be if they'd a got summat to talk about! There's mercy in the way a ooman's made after all, Ruth. Politics now is a mazing subject; it makes the men talk pretty nigh so fast as the women. I've a yeared em say these yer members 'll talk two hours at a stretch in Parlyment; some on em 'll goo on vur dree or vour hours when they be wound up. They does nothing but talk, so vur as I can zee—a talky traäde is politics, a talky traäde."

"I haven't anything agen the talk," replied Ruth, "it's the drink and the broken heads I can't abide. There! it's gone four and the bit of dinner done to death aready. One side is as bad as the other, so fur as I can see."

"You caint see fur, Ruth, you aint made vor't. You med warnt whenever a ooman tries to look vurder than Providence hev a meant her to there's mischief. Taint every man can zee into politics, let alone a female ooman. Politics has two zides. One zide's vur keeping what we've a-got, 'tother's for drowing of it all away. A mis'able mazing subjick is politics—mis'able mazing, to be sure."

"I'm sure I wish they'd keep their politics up in Parlyment and not bring em down this country-side, throwing temptation in the way of steady family men with their living to get," said Ruth, going to the door and once more looking vainly down the road for the truant husband whose dinner was spoilt now beyond remedy.

"Ay, that's the way with the women," continued her father

reflectively ; "there aint hroom inside of em vur out-door speculations. Their minds is made vur to hold vittles and clothes, and childern and claning and sickness. I 'lows there aint hroom inside o' they vur mazing subjecks like politics. But there aint no call vor ee to hrin out agen what you caint understand, Ruth. Providence have a-made politics vur men-volks, zo as they med hae zummat to talk about and hrade in the newspapers when they've a done work. Providence have a made politics vur gentlevolks zo as they med hae zummat to do when they baint a hunting or a shooting. Whatever would gentlevolks do if they'd hadnt a got no politics? I 'lows they'd pretty nigh fret the skin off their boäns, they'd be that dull and drug. You haint no call to hrin out agen Providence, Ruth." Raysh sighed with a pious air, and shook his head over his daughter's errors, the latter hearing him with the tolerant reflections that men-folk would have their say, and it mattered little what they said.

The western sky was all a-fire with crimson, melting into a violet zenith ; delicate opal-tinted cloudlets were breaking apart over the pale blue on the south horizon, and still Joshua had not returned. The little room was aglow now with firelight, and sent warm gleams across the road through the diamond lattice and the open door ; further on the Golden Horse's bar-window cast ruddy beams upon the sycamore boles outside ; a distant glow down the village revealed the forge, where the clink, clink, of the blacksmith's hammer made cheery melody to the burring accompaniment of bellows and flame ; a faint blue mist lay over the fields, and an eddy of wind sent the dry aromatic leaves hurrying across the road as if driven by a sudden panic, like those souls which Dante saw driven confusedly to the dark waves of Acheron, where the grim ferryman's oar chastised the loiterers ; then the eddy turned, and the panic-stricken rush of the leaves changed to a light aerial dance, joyous and graceful, till the dancers dropped in the dust as if with sudden weariness. The hands of the tall clock in the cottage pointed to near five, and Mrs. Rickman was returning with Alice Lingard and Hubert, the latter very magnificent in the Liberal colours, from a walk ; lingering every now and then to talk to a cottager, though her mind was far too pre-occupied with the one subject of Gervase's election for her discourse to be very connected.

"Joshua not home yet?" she asked, pausing at Ruth's door. "Well, Raysh, what a mild evening ! No ; we have heard

nothing yet. Miss Lingard took me out of the way on purpose. We don't in the least expect my son to be returned, but I shall be sorry all the same, and bad news, you know, will keep."

This Mrs. Rickman had repeated in various different ways fifty times that afternoon to Alice, who took a more sanguine view of the question, though she, too, was nervous. Mrs. Rickman's final remark had been, "Whatever we do, Alice, we must not condole with him. We must look upon the defeat as a matter of course."

But they had not been seated many minutes by Ruth's hearth, when a heavy step was heard upon the road, and Joshua himself, unconscious of visitors, stamped noisily down the steps and on to the sanded floor crying, "Hooray! Rickman's in!"

(To be continued.)



Notes of the Month.

ALL who are interested in English and American literature are anxiously watching the prospects of the Chace-Breckenridge Copyright Bill under the new Administration. The Bill has passed the Senate, and awaits discussion by the House of Representatives. While cordially wishing well to any measure which may grant privileges too long withheld from our countrymen, we must protest against the tendency which prevails in America to advertise this measure as a "gift to the British author," and so forth. It is, in fact, simply a piece of purely protective domestic legislation: America is making a gift to the British author in the same sense that a chess-player makes a gift to his adversary of a pawn, when he sacrifices it as the only means of taking his adversary's queen.

The mainspring of the machinery which has been forwarding this measure is, we have good reason to believe, the Typographic Unions, who wish to check the importation of English stereotype plates and cheap reprints, which, in spite of the heavy import duties, is in their opinion increasing, to the detriment of the American book-producing trades. The following passage from the *New York Publisher's Weekly*, one of the most ardent supporters of the Bill, and of the "boon to British authors" theory, is significant: "It is the general opinion of all these (sc. authors, publishers, and manufacturers of books) that every class of American citizens concerned in the production of books *would be benefited by the passage of the Bill.*"

To the author whose reputation is made, and who writes books which appeal to readers on "both sides," the measure will undoubtedly bring considerable advantages; from the unknown author it will perhaps remove some of the very meagre chances of receiving a few shillings from America which already exist.

The Merchandise Marks Act is, no doubt, an admirable measure, but it is causing extreme inconvenience to people who desire to buy or import books from America. Boston, the literary capital of the United States—and the "hub of the universe" besides, as every one knows—fares specially badly under the new Act; owing to the identity of name with its eponymous town in Lincolnshire, all books bearing a Boston imprint are compelled to have the letters U.S.A. on the title-page before they can pass the Custom-house; and as no American publisher would be more inclined to adopt for a regular imprint "Boston, U.S.A."

than an English publisher to use "London, England," it follows that the title-page must be disfigured by a stamp subsequently imposed. In the case of rare and expensive books with ornamental titles this is a serious drawback.

A curious case happened the other day, when a quantity of English books which had been sent out to New York and returned unsold, were stopped by the Custom-house people at Liverpool under the suspicion of being a foreign production, and not until various irksome formalities had been complied with could the order for their release be obtained. There is apparently no redress for the inconvenience which these "servants of the public" are able to inflict upon their masters. Long habit has inured us to the intolerable delays in transacting any business with Government Departments; and it seems now as though we must also accustom ourselves to suffer, without complaining, for the ignorance of their unintelligent subordinates.

Manchester is justly proud of her two great engineering enterprises—the Thirlmere Water scheme and the Ship Canal. Little is heard now of the prophets who so loudly proclaimed at one time that not a single pipe would ever be laid or a single sod turned. There are still a few sceptics, however, who urge the difficulty of keeping full the upper reaches of the canal, and we have even heard one audacious person maintain that, the amount of fall between Thirlmere and Manchester being insufficient to overcome the friction in the pipes, no water will pass through them. This is, of course, absurd; but it seems possible that a hitch of some sort has occurred, if it be true that the Corporation have decided upon providing only one-fifth of the supply originally intended.

We understand that the practice of grouping small townships in country districts for the purpose of returning members of the County Councils has had one very unfortunate result, in reviving and creating violent local jealousies. Where three villages, for example, formed a division for the return of a single Councillor, each of them would determine to get one of their own residents elected at any cost; the effect has been that the largest village in the group, by voting *en bloc*, could ensure victory, and defeat a possibly better candidate from a smaller township. We regret to hear that in many places a bitter local feeling has been once more engendered, which in old days was very prevalent throughout the country, but has recently been rapidly dying out.

The Head Masters' Conference assumed a serious responsibility in adopting a resolution by which a particular text-book was recommended to "such schools as attach importance to uniformity in the elementary

teaching of Latin." The University authorities of Oxford and Cambridge have always been extremely chary in the exercise of their enormous power of prescribing definite works or editions for use at their examinations; but it is improbable that they would view with equanimity an advance on the part of the Head Masters' Conference along a road which they have themselves studiously avoided; and, should the good example be disregarded, there is little doubt that the University Presses, with their immense resources, and the examination force at their back, could give a "short shrieve" to any legislative aims of the Conference.

The Editor has much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following sums for the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street:—

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Holmes White	50	0	0
Edmund S. Hanbury, Esq. . . .	10	10	0
A Scottish Reader	2	0	0
Q. K. Z.	1	1	0

"Surely," writes 'A Scottish Reader,' "if each one *who is able* would send their little, then 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE' might at least endow a ward or build a ward, and thus have its name honourably connected with such a benevolent and useful institution." We believe and hope that some plan of this kind may be feasible, and are in communication with the Hospital authorities on the subject. In our next number we propose to produce the result of these enquiries, and to give definite information as to how any funds we are able to collect will be expended, the objects in view being to confer the greatest benefit upon the Hospital, while creating a permanent bond of union between the institution and the readers of 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.'

Will the Eiffel "Tower of Babel" be a success or a failure? There are many prophecies on both sides. Some say that the workmen cannot continue their task above a certain height: they have already struck for wages several times, on the plea that they risk their lives whenever they ascend. It is said, also, that the tower already shows a leaning to one side; also that the part of Paris on which it is built is much excavated, and that the enormous weight will end by causing a subsidence of the earth, which would have disastrous consequences. The other party replies contemptuously, that mathematical calculations cannot be wrong; that every possible complication has been foreseen, that the apparent leaning of the tower is a mere optical delusion, and that nothing can possibly prevent its triumphant completion. Meanwhile, the tower has already reached a height of over seven hundred feet, out of the thousand feet which it is intended to attain. The weight of metal employed will exceed 6000 tons; the estimated cost, £160,000. And for what?

Happily, as yet, only one life has been sacrificed, which is wonderful indeed when the conditions of working are considered. The workmen come at six o'clock in the morning, when it is still dark, and the whole tower is white and slippery with hoar-frost; first, they have to ascend 960 steps in their thick nailed shoes. And this effort only takes them as far as the second platform, a height of 115 metres, out of the 225 already completed. The first platform is reached by ordinary steps; the second, by a winding corkscrew staircase, very giddy and painful; but above that there is only a swinging perpendicular ladder. The tower itself has an amount of oscillation which must be very difficult to endure, caused by the necessary play of the shafts. One hundred and fifty men are employed, but only about forty in the high regions, and twenty picked men at the greatest height reached. The cold is intense, but the men are obliged to have with them a movable forge to heat the rivets, so they do not suffer from it. All the different portions of the iron scaffolding composing the tower are hoisted up ready prepared, and have only to be fitted and riveted in their proper places.

On the second platform, is a sort of *traiteur* establishment, where the men can get their meals at a lower rate than in the neighbouring restaurants, and avoid the necessity of going down for them.

On the highest point yet reached, there is a steam-engine working day and night, and two cranes, bearing a weight of 24,000 lbs., to raise the enormous shafts of iron, which are pushed to the spot on trucks. To get each shaft into position, manœuvres lasting twenty minutes are required; the workers are placed on a movable floor rising with them and railed round, so that the actual danger is reduced as far as possible. As a work of engineering science it is marvellous, and as such all must wish for its ultimate success.

The Panama craze continues. All the poor people, the "woollen-stocking" subscribers, persist in believing that all will come right, and with the passionate infatuation of gamblers, will bring their last *sou* to M. de Lesseps. There seems, however, but little chance of anything but ruin for them. We have conversed with a gentleman connected with the works; he says that with six hundred millions of francs (£24,000,000), entirely devoted to the Canal, it can be finished in a year and a half; but without, of course, during that time, paying any dividends, or continuing the enormous expense of influencing newspapers and Deputies, which has been incurred hitherto. When completed, the debt will be so enormous, that, unless entirely repudiated, there will be little chance of ever making the Canal pay its expenses. The cost will be at least six times that of the Suez Canal.

It is reported that General Boulanger some time ago consulted two Sibyls, who professed to read the future. He went to each separately,

in the strictest incognito, dressed in a workman's blouse; but both told him that he held high military rank which he would *soon lose*; that it would be restored to him later, when he would be triumphant in a short but terrible war; after which he would be *almost* a King—"friser le trône;" and that he would meet with a *violent death*.

Whatever his end may be, he seems slowly but surely moving on to the realization of at least one part of the prophecy, and stirring times may be expected. Will the terrible war be with another Commune, or a new struggle with Germany?

It is curious that at this season of public anxiety "*The Chevalier de Maison-Rouge*" should have been revived; for every time the drama has been acted, some terrible political commotion has taken place. In 1848 came the fall of Louis Philippe; then the insurrection of June; lastly the Franco-German war. The famous song "*Mourir pour la patrie*" sounds like a knell.

" Par la voix du canon d'alarme
 La France appelle ses enfants;
 Allons! dit le soldat, Aux armes!
 C'est ma mère—je la défends!
 Mourir pour la patrie
 C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie."

Meanwhile the French, with their characteristic levity, are preparing to accept the General's dictatorship. There seems to be very little positive enthusiasm for the man or his policy, but a kind of negative liking for whatever embodies the general discontent with the present Republic, and the universal disgust at its many blunders.

At the same time the more cautious and moderate men of all parties would prefer to see the supreme command entrusted to safer hands, and there is a movement on foot to bring back the Comte de Paris, *viâ* the Presidential Chair, to the throne of France. It is, however, difficult to see how the Comte could accept the Presidency, even as a temporary expedient, without fatally compromising those Legitimist pretensions on which his eventual ambitions must mainly repose.

Why, asks a Correspondent, do the Parisian ladies, whose taste is considered unimpeachable, adorn their head-gear with apple-green and copper-coloured roses? Such a shade of green! It absolutely sets one's teeth on edge. And equally unlike Nature is the so-called *vieux rose*, which is exactly the shade of a dingy saucepan, not at all doing credit to the kitchen-maid! The same must be said of the yellow-velvet roses—not theirs the soft tint of the *Gloire de Dijon*, nor the delicate hue of *Safrano*, but the unsatisfactory yellow of a badly-

cooked omelette. When such exquisite imitations of Nature as are seen in the artificial-flower shops are produced by such perfect florists, why not be satisfied with beauty, instead of seeking out inventions of ugliness?

From abroad we hear of the "myriad-minded" Leader of the Liberal party undergoing a kind of prolonged ovation at Naples, in an atmosphere of public receptions, complimentary banquets, and municipal hospitality. Meanwhile, instead of enjoying the repose which sixty years of intellectual exertion would seem to make a necessity, Mr. Gladstone is simultaneously preparing an elaborate attack on the working of the Divorce Laws, and endeavouring to win the Pope to share his views on the self-government of Ireland.

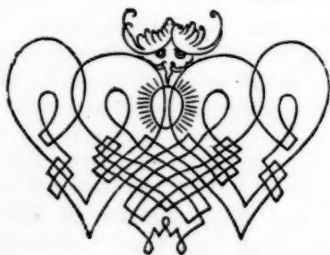
It will be remembered that just a year ago a certain section of the Roman Catholics of London were preparing to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the death of the Young Pretender, Prince Charles Edward Stuart, who died on the 31st of January, 1788. It was proposed to celebrate a solemn Requiem Mass at the Carmelite Church, and the occasion was seized by the League of the White Rose—a little knot of antiquarian fanatics, who are, or profess to be, Jacobites—in order to advertise their peculiar crotchet. They found an unexpected but determined opponent in Cardinal Manning, who promptly forbade the Requiem Mass, and thereby brought the whole enterprise to an abrupt conclusion.

Nothing daunted, the adherents of the lost cause determined to let the world know of their existence, and the result has been the formation of the Royal Stuart Exhibition at the New Gallery in Regent Street. The spelling of the ill-starred name has given rise to animated discussion, for Lord Galloway, who claims to be heir-male of the house, spells *Stewart*, deriving the name from the office of Lord High Steward of Scotland. He is fortified by the authority of Lord Macaulay, Sir Walter Scott, and Robertson the Scotch historian, who agree in the view that the spelling *Stuart* was introduced by Mary Queen of Scots in compliance with her French up-bringing.

The Exhibition is of great interest and value, and is especially rich in manuscripts. Among the principal contributors are the noblest names of Scotland—Stewart, Stuart, Hamilton, Douglas, Campbell, Scott, Lindsay, Mackintosh and MacDonald; and the Roman Catholic families of England are well represented by the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Stourton, Lord Braye, Lord Orford and Lord Bute. A crowd of devotees, sometimes on their knees, surround the case containing the blood-stained shirt of Charles I., and an elaborate pedigree displayed in a

conspicuous position, traces the legitimate descent of the English Crown (after the death of Cardinal York) direct from "our martyred Charles," through his daughter the Duchess of Orleans, to the Princess Louis of Bavaria, now, according to Jacobite notions, the *de jure* Sovereign of this realm. In the Catalogue, the Old and Young Pretender and Cardinal York are duly noted as James III., Charles III., and Henry IX., and on the opening day the promoters walked about gravely telling their friends that they expected a visit from the Dowager Princess Albert of Saxe-Coburg. If the recipient of the information manifested any uncertainty about the personality thus indicated, the explanation was immediately forthcoming—"You know her family acquired Windsor Castle in the last century"—and one became aware that the occult allusion was to the *de facto* Queen of England.

Cardinal Manning enters this year upon what is termed his Jubilee; but what is really the twenty-fifth year of his Arch-episcopate. He was born in 1808, became a Roman Catholic after the memorable Gorham Judgment in 1850, was appointed Archbishop of Westminster in succession to Cardinal Wiseman in 1865, and was elevated to the purple ten years later. A determined effort is being made to celebrate the twenty-fifth year of his connection with the arch-diocese by paying off the heavy debt which still rests upon his Pro-cathedral at Kensington. The venerable Cardinal, who until this winter displayed the most marvellous vigour of body and mind, has lately been incapacitated by illness from taking active part in ecclesiastical ceremonies, but his keenness in all that concerns the interests of his Church remains unabated.



Our Library List.

THE RECLUSE, by WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1 vol. 2s. 6d. *Macmillan*), is the first book of the first part of the autobiographical *magnum opus* designed by the poet which was to have been introduced by the Prelude, and to have consisted of three parts, the "Excursion" being the second and only completed portion. The present poem (about 700 lines) was left in MS. at its author's death, and is now published in its entirety for the first time. Readers will find in it the same characteristics as those which distinguish Wordsworth's known writings: tracts which all, save fervent disciples, confess to be tedious, and verses which all lovers of poetry admire as splendid. The poet narrates his first sight of Grasmere, in his boyhood, and his subsequent settling there, drawing an eloquent picture of the delights of country life as compared with life in cities. The concluding passage, and a description of the flight of water-fowl, are in his best manner, as is the last line in the following praise of forest leaves, which

"Protect his (man's) walk in sun and shower,
Swell his devotion with their voice in storms,
And whisper while the stars twinkle among them
His lullaby."

SEA AND SKIES IN MANY LATITUDES, by the Hon. RALPH ABERCROMBY (1 vol. *Stanford*), is in a manner supplementary to the same author's volume on "Weather," noticed here some months ago. It records many wanderings in distant latitudes, with especial reference to the varying aspect of the sky and the direction and force of the wind. The author twice "put a girdle round the earth," and his travels extended from the North Cape to Cape Horn. That his standpoint differed from that of the ordinary globe-trotter may be gathered from his deep disappointment at failing to meet with a hurricane, "which was all the more tantalizing, as a ship which followed us a week later encountered a small one in nearly the same place and had every one of her boats blown clean out of her davits." Mr. Ruskin somewhere deprecates the general neglect to observe "the cloud-pictures which the angels are for ever painting for us;" our author's motives, however, were scientific rather than æsthetic.

For the benefit of weaker brethren, whose tastes are more terrestrial, he narrates many interesting facts concerning the less known countries visited, while his comments are always shrewd and to the point. His theory that religion is the product of an abnormally dry climate is perhaps more ingenious than convincing.

THE END OF THE MIDDLE AGES, by A. MARY F. ROBINSON (Madame DARMESTER) (1 vol. 10s. 6d. *Fisher Unwin*), is a rather inappropriately named collection of Essays on various persons and events in the 13th, 14th and 15th centuries, the two main centres of interest being the House of Hohenstaufen and the French in Italy. On the latter subject Madame Darmester announces her intention of publishing a detailed history; the Essays treating of it form the most solid portion of the present volume. It need not be said that the author possesses abundant talent and imaginative insight, and she has prepared herself for her work by an arduous study of original documents. It may be questioned whether in the fulness of her own knowledge she makes quite sufficient allowance for the ignorance of uninstructed readers. Those who look for a clear statement of cardinal facts will be apt to be disappointed. Madame Darmester writes as a poet, and appeals to the imagination at least as much as to the reason. She aims at reproducing the spirit of the times she writes of, and laying bare her characters "to their innermost tissue and catching the reason and secret of their being." Yet she hardly succeeds in making us forget Goethe's cynical lines:—

"Was ihr den Geist der Zeiten heisst,
Das ist im Grund der Herren eigner Geist,
In dem die Zeiten sich bespiegeln."

SKETCHES FROM A TOUR IN HOLLAND AND GERMANY. By J. P. MAHAFFY and J. E. ROGERS. (1 vol. 10s. 6d. *Macmillan & Co.*) The main attraction of this volume lies in the charming illustrations with which it is crowded. Broad reaches of slow rivers, quiet canals spanned by massive water-gates or bordered with picturesque dwellings, ancient houses gabled and timbered, turreted castles and stately cathedrals are depicted with a loving and artistic hand, while numerous vignettes reproduce quaint or interesting details of carving or mediæval relics. A word too should be said for the engraver, who has invested his woodcuts with the delicacy and tone of original drawings. The text is rather disappointing. It is by no means dull, and contains some acute remarks, but it is confessedly very slight: the hasty record of a summer holiday. The illustrations are worthy of a more permanently valuable setting. The German towns visited by the authors include Brunswick, Helmstedt, Marburg, Wismar, and Lübeck. Some of the illustrations have already appeared in the 'English Illustrated Magazine.'

NAPLES IN 1888. By E. N. ROLFE and H. INGLEBY. (*Trübner*.) The authors discourse pleasantly enough concerning the modern Parthenope, avoiding the information given in guide-books, and imparting such knowledge as long residence and a familiarity with the inhabitants put at their disposal. They do not attempt brilliant descriptions, neither do they indulge in any startling revelations, but their moderation of tone inspires faith in their trustworthiness, and their volumes may be confidently recommended to English visitors to Naples of any age, or either sex. The bay, the streets, the tombs, the evil eye, the clergy, the Camorra and the lottery, are the subjects of various chapters, and sufficiently indicate the contents of the book. A chapter on the Neapolitan drama is perhaps the most substantial item in the bill of fare. Among the illustrations, the drawing of ornaments are more successful than the landscapes.

RIDES AND STUDIES IN THE CANARY ISLES. By CHARLES EDWARDES. (*Fisher Unwin*.) Whether or no the Canaries are identical with the Fortunate Islands of the ancients, they are certainly blessed with possessing an almost perfect climate "where falls not hail, nor rain, nor any snow," and are rapidly rising in favour as a sanatorium, especially for consumptive patients. The Riviera is swept by the "mistral," Algiers is treacherous, Madeira is damp, but Orotava is said to be both warm and dry, with the temperature of a rainless English June. Mr. Edwardes is not by any means the first to describe Teneriffe and its surrounding islands; but, judged on its own merits, his book is eminently readable, and tells all a reasonable person could want to know not only about the present condition of the Canary group, but also about the mysterious Guanches who inhabited it till they were conquered and displaced by the Spaniards. The style is lively and the description of nature vivid; the characteristics and oddities of the natives are recounted with much spirit and humour. The illustrations are poor, and scarcely worth giving.

FOR HER SAKE, by ROY GORDON (*Nelson*), if, as the title-page seems to indicate, it be a first work, shows great promise. In any case it is a very well written and interesting story. The scene is laid in Ireland in the early days of the present agrarian trouble, and the author continues to give a very vivid idea of the condition of the peasantry, and the problems which beset the landlord who had to depend for his livelihood on the produce of his acres. The plot is not particularly new, turning on the misunderstandings arising between a recently married young couple; the husband attracted by a fascinating woman of the world, and the wife contracting an innocent but conspicuous friendship with a good-natured scattered-brained youth. The situation grows more exciting towards the close of the book, and a murder with the suspicion of the crime falling on the wrong man is very cleverly introduced and

related. The exceptional merits of the work seem to us to lie in the power of drawing human beings instead of puppets, in the characterization and arrangement of the minor personages, and in the reserve wherewith the author confines himself (or probably *herself*) to the matter in hand, without wandering off into miscellaneous disquisitions.

THE LEGACY OF CAIN. By WILKIE COLLINS. (3 vols. *Chatto & Windus*.) 'The Legacy of Cain' opens with a sinister scene which suggest possibilities of an exciting plot, crowded with sensational incidents after Mr. Wilkie Collins' usual method. A murderess on the eve of her execution persuades an impressible clergyman to adopt her infant child. The rest of the story deals with the characters of the girl and of the clergyman's own daughter, who are brought up as sisters: Copious extracts are given from the diaries of both, which reveal one as incredibly fiendish, and the other as dismally commonplace. But while they have a separate journal they had only one lover between them, and he was certainly not worth fighting for. What little action the book contains arises out of apparently motiveless efforts to discover the identity of the diarist whose mother was hanged.

A DANGEROUS CATSPAW. By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY and HENRY MURRAY. (1 vol. 6s. *Longmans*.) There is great ingenuity in the conception of this story, and, though highly improbable, the plot is worked out with so much skill, that we forget the improbability, and are grateful for the interest. The scene is laid in the chambers of a brilliant but impecunious barrister: in a country house, which contains an heiress with forty thousand pounds' worth of jewels in her cupboard: and in the room of a detective who plays a prominent part. The story arises from a gift made by a grateful client to the barrister, who, by his masterly defence, had saved him from what ought to have been at least fifteen years' penal servitude. The reader's attention is arrested at the first page, and, thanks to the authors sensibly confining themselves to one volume, the narrative never flags throughout.

